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REVIEWS.

WEST ARYAN MIGRATIONS AND CULTURE.

The Evolution of the Aryan. By Rudolph von Ihering. Translated from the German by C. A. A. Drucker, M.P. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THE regret with which the news of the early death of Prof. von Ihering was received in England will be revived by a study of this English edition of his *Vorgeschichte der Indo-Europäer*. Fragmentary though it be, with some deplorable gaps in the body of the text—the fourth book left unfinished, the fifth scarcely begun, the sixth and seventh untouched, the whole unrevised and published posthumously—this last product of a singularly active literary career forms none the less a contribution of permanent value to the slowly expanding field of primitive Aryan research. Among the numerous essays that have appeared in recent years on the many difficult problems connected with the origin and development of the Indo-European peoples it takes a distinctly independent position. These problems are here attacked from quite a novel standpoint, while the inquiry itself is prosecuted for a different and, it may be added, a more practical purpose.

Stated briefly, the aim of the learned jurist is to seek an explanation of many later (historical) Aryan institutions, not in the Aryan cradleland itself, but rather in the hitherto neglected period of the early migrations. During the course of these wanderings, which must have lasted for many generations, numerous practices and social habits, it is argued with much force and plausibility, must have arisen from time to time to meet the requirements of the new and ever shifting environment. Such practices, owing to the conservative spirit of all primitive peoples, would tend to survive into later times, and, long after their original

purpose had been forgotten, many usages which were at first merely practical devices, might thus easily acquire tribal or racial significance, and even a sacred character.

In the prosecution of this deeply suggestive vein of thought, preference for purposes of comparison is naturally given to the early institutions of the Romans, most conservative of all the West Aryan peoples.

"Nothing of special interest can be gathered from other Indo-European nations; they teach us nothing fresh; their evidence becomes of value only in as far as it confirms the facts deduced from Roman antiquity" (p. 310).

Hence the dominant position occupied in these pages by the Roman world, many of whose social customs and ceremonial rites here receive a fresh and unexpected explanation. It was already known that the *Pontifices* must have originally been in some way connected with the mundane art of bridge-building. Our author is now able to account in a most satisfactory manner for this strange association.

"All the branches of the pontifical duties may be traced back to the original demands laid upon the technical bridge makers of the migratory period; their priestly office, to the necessity of the expiatory sacrifice to the river-god, which could not be offered by the *Flamines*, who were the priests of the national deities only; their skill in writing, to the drawing of the plan of the bridge; their chronology, to the estimation of the proportions of the bridge; their relation to the law, to the claim of the river-god upon the bridge-toll. I leave it to the reader's judgment whether a view which focuses in this manner all the different phases of the pontifical offices into one historical issue, supported by practical reasons and the evidence of language, can lay claim to probability or not" (p. 360).

So with the *ver sacrum*, the vestal virgins, the *feralia*, the augurs, the observation of the *exta* and the flight of birds, lucky and unlucky days, and omens generally, things which had originally nothing to do with religion but were intimately associated with the circumstances attending the first and later Aryan dispersions and the intervening periods of migration. Thus the conclusions regarding the practical origin of religious customs, which anthropologists had long ago arrived at from the study of savage races, receive unexpected confirmation from the rites and ceremonies of the more advanced nations of antiquity.

"It is familiarity and long usage alone which have caused the originally non-moral motive to be converted into a moral motive; it is the same process which I have above applied to religion, and which to my mind holds good without exception for all standards of law, morality, and custom, in the widest sense of these words. Practical motives have called every one of them into existence" (p. 339).

In working out the details of such a theory for the first time, all sorts of assumptions have naturally to be made, and it is here that the author feels he lays himself open to the attacks of criticism. It is, however, fair to state that his general line of argument is not seriously affected, even though a few bricks may have to be removed here and there from the superstructure. Thus he may be wrong in maintaining against Schrader, and most other living

anthropologists, that the Aryan cradleland lay in Baktriana, or about the northern slopes of the Hindu Kush, rather than in the South Russian or the Eurasian steppe lands anywhere between the Carpathians and the Pamir uplands. Nevertheless, the foundations of his theory remain unshaken, because nobody denies that the migrations did actually take place, wherever the centre of dispersion is to be located. These migrations, on which everything depends, are aptly compared to a stream, which disappears underground and then after a long interval (the prehistoric migration period) reappears on the surface, where it develops five or more independent rivers (Greeks, Teutons, Kelts, Letts, Slavs, Illyrians), all having something in common (primordial unity), while each has its own particular character, acquired partly during the underground meanderings, and, to a less degree, during their subsequent evolution in their new European settlements. Possibly too much weight is attached to the influence of the subterranean passage, and some will be disposed to question the statement that "it is not Europe which has made the European; it is the European that has made Europe" (xiv.)—that is to say, that the European *cachet* was already impressed upon the several branches before they reached their present homes in the West. But the general contention can scarcely be gainsaid, and whether more is due to one environment than to another is a question of secondary importance.

More disputable is the assumption that the primitive Aryans must have had their primeval home in a hilly region because they were pastors, and "mountains are the natural foster-places for the herdsman, plains for the agriculturist" (p. 391). The very reverse would seem to be the case, as we see in Arabia, where the Himyarites of the Yemen uplands have been skilful husbandmen throughout all recorded time, while the kindred Bedouins of the Nejd plains still remain nomad pastors; in Africa, where the Tibbu cultivators of the Tibesti range are surrounded by the nomad Tauregs of the Saharan oases; in the New World, where agriculture was highly developed on the Peruvian highlands, but almost unknown to the redskins of the Mississippi prairies; lastly, in Asia itself, where the Aralo-Caspian steppes continue to be roamed by the Kirghiz and other Turki nomads, while tillage is mainly confined to the Fergana and Bokhara uplands. And, it may be asked, were the primitive Aryans themselves such exclusive nomads as they are here represented? They certainly had the *yoke*, as shown by the root *yug*, *ζεύγ*, &c., common to all the Indo-European tongues, Sanskrit not excepted. It may, no doubt, be true that it was applied not to the plough but to the wain or cart. But the wheeled vehicle was surely the invention, not of a pastoral, but of an agricultural people—unless, indeed, it was borrowed before the first dispersion from the neighbouring Babylonians.

This last suggestion is not made by Prof. von Ihering, who in the unfortunately unfinished second book ascribes almost all the other elements of culture possessed by the primitive Aryans either directly to the Baby-

lonian Semites, or else indirectly to them through their Phœnician kinsfolk. This important section, which would not appear at first sight to be necessarily connected with the subject in hand, has been introduced, the author tells us, partly for the "direct interest of the task itself," and partly for "the historic interest that exists in the contrast between Aryans and Semites." In any case, no one would wish it omitted, and if its general conclusions can be accepted, they will go far to solve a great difficulty in connexion with the development of Aryan culture itself. The apparently sudden transformation of the rude Hellenic hordes after their irruption into Thessaly, the Peloponnesus and Ionia, has always seemed a somewhat inexplicable phenomenon, especially when contrasted with the state of sheer barbarism which continued to prevail for ages afterwards among all the other Indo-European tribes who occupied the rest of Europe. Greece, all things considered, cannot be regarded as a much more favoured land than Italy, or even Gaul. But, as we are here reminded, it lay nearer to the earliest seats of human culture in the Nile and Euphrates basins, and it was mainly from the latter region that the Hellenes received nearly all the elements of that civilisation which they rapidly developed in their new homes. From them these elements were passed on, either directly or again through the enterprising Phœnician navigators, to the other Aryan settlers along the shores of the Mediterranean, and so on eventually to the Kelts and Teutons of Central Europe. Less is said about Egyptian influences, but this is obviously due to the fact that the author accepts without reserve Hommel's views regarding the Babylonian origin of Egyptian culture itself. Hence, everything is ultimately traceable to Babylonia, which was "the first seat of civilisation," and "the model nation of historic causality," in which respect "it stands alone in the world." Of course, much of this has been told before, and much is still *sub judice*. But the whole subject is here treated with singular learning and acumen, while fresh light is thrown on many interesting features of early Mesopotamian culture.

The translation is on the whole fairly well done. But there are numerous misprints and errors, for which the author's unrevised proof sheets cannot be held wholly responsible. Thus, at p. 275, the Latin *porcus* is made cognate to an Iran. *ore*, where *Iran* presumably stands for *Ir*. (that is, *Irish*) in the original. Again, we have "Iberians in Armorica" (p. 87); "Spanish *grandezza*," which is good Italian, but impossible Spanish; *modo* for *modo*; *singulus* for *singulis*; *yuga* (Sanskrit) for *yuga*; *bayit* (Hebrew) for *bayit*, and the German *j* generally left untranslated. But far more serious is the misuse of the terms *Aryan* and *Indo-European*, which in English philological and ethnological works are universally taken as synonymous, but which are here used, the former as the general name of the Asiatic, the latter as that of the European division of the family. The result is all the more confusing since the distinction is not consistently adhered to, so that we have *Aryan* in the

title itself, where we should expect *Indo-European*, and elsewhere such perplexing expressions as "the descent of the Indo-Europeans from the Aryans"; and "how was the Indo-European evolved from the Aryan?" In future editions it might be well to conform to the prevailing English use, and where a distinction is needed, *Western Aryans* or *Western Indo-Europeans* might be applied to the European division, and *Aryans* to the Asiatic, in accordance with German usage.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign.
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It is only right and proper that the harvest of Jubilee books should include a survey of female fiction during a reign which has been marked by such extraordinary fecundity in this sphere. In the handsome volume before us the publishers have induced a number of women writers to discourse upon novelists of their own sex. All living writers are rigidly excluded, so we have a record without prejudice, and the whole is an interesting history of the great and the little in the past fifty years.

There is no criticism one half so instructive as that of the practitioner of the art which is criticised. The expert, the man or woman who knows the pains and pleasures and difficulties of the trade by actual experience, must always speak with more authority than the irresponsible smatterer. So one turns with some interest to the first two essays in the book, where two writers of eminence are commented upon by two women who in their time have written excellent fiction. Perhaps a more sympathetic critic could have been found for Charlotte Brontë than the late Mrs. Oliphant. This lamented author was of a somewhat different temper from the impetuous morbid creator of *Jane Eyre*. Mrs. Oliphant, too, as a critic, was apt to be carried captive by momentary dislikes, by prejudices, and by her own love for robust writing. The *laudator temporis acti* is a difficult character to sustain, and if it is once assumed a certain narrowness and unfairness is apt to follow. The present writer did not often find himself in agreement with Mrs. Oliphant; all the more reason, then, why he should commend this essay as a singularly fair, reasonable, and satisfactory piece of work. It is easy to recognise the greatness of the Brontës' work, but it is not quite so easy to see reasons for the idolatry of which the two sisters are at present the centre. Beginning with Mr. Swinburne's panegyric, we have had a flood of eulogies, minute biographical details, and unimportant essays in criticism. *Jane Eyre*, *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights* are in their way masterpieces, but this is no reason why they should be declared perfect and set on a pinnacle which only makes their imperfection seem more obtrusive. The books have that final quality of excellence—a profound emotional effect; they exhibit life harshly, crudely, often incorrectly, but

always with vigour; and the atmosphere of bleak moors has so penetrated to their fibre that they have something akin to high poetic imagining. But let us recognise the plain fact—they are abundantly faulty. It is life, but life viewed from the narrowest standpoint, a groping after a real world which was always imaged in the light of the writer's sombre and restricted vision. Hence come the ugliness of so much of it, the frequent lack of insight, the lapses into the strained and the grotesque. Mrs. Oliphant's own words on the matter seem to us to be not far from the truth:

"The books upon which this tremendous reputation is founded, though vivid, original, and striking in the highest degree, are not great books. Their philosophy of life is that of a school-girl, their knowledge of the world almost nil, their conclusions confused by the haste and passion of a mind self-centred and working in the narrowest orbit. It is rather the most incisive and realistic art of portraiture than any exercise of the nobler arts of fiction—imagination, combination, construction—or humorous survey of life or deep apprehension of its problems—upon which the fame is built."

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Of Charlotte Brontë, the woman, Mrs. Oliphant writes with truth and sympathy. The small, fiery little governess was the precursor of a new era of thought and feeling. A realist in art, before men began to talk of realism, she is the first sign of the revolt from the Early Victorian *sancta simplicitas*—the age of the Mrs. Gores and Mrs. Marshs, and "heroines in white muslin," to a more wholesome criticism of life. Almost unconsciously, certainly with no clear intellectual perception of the results implied, she gave voice to the craving of her sex for more equality and freedom. Herself prim, self-contained, old-fashioned, demure and shy before strangers, she had the curious fortune to figure before the world as the prophet of a new cause. It was little that she asked for, but that little was demanded with such fierce importunity that the world awoke and began uneasily to look at the matter for itself. Here, again, Mrs. Oliphant is excellent:

"There was, however, one subject of less absolute realism which Charlotte Brontë had at her command, having experienced in her own person, and seen her nearest friends under the experience of, that solitude and longing of women of which she had made so remarkable an exposition. The long silence of life without an adventure or a change; the forlorn gaze out of windows which never show any one coming who can rouse the slightest interest in the mind; the endless years and days which pass and pass carrying away the bloom, extinguishing the lights of youth, bringing a dreary middle age before which the very soul shrinks, while yet the sufferer feels how strong is the current of life within her own veins, and how capable she is of all the active duties of existence—this was the essence and soul of the existence she knew best."

Mrs. Lynn Linton, like Mrs. Oliphant, is a lover of old fashions in literature, a great advocate of the sensible and the rational, and a sworn foe to the morbid. Her criticism of George Eliot is sane, and on the whole adequate. She is a little too fond of finding petty errors in her author, small anachronisms and little faults of spelling. But she does ample justice to the qualities of insight, knowledge, and an excellent gift in narration, which make the greater novels a perpetual delight. It has been the fashion to contrast George Eliot with Charlotte Brontë, and though the comparison has led many—notably Mr. Swinburne—into exaggeration, it is instructive to note how the merits of the one are the defects of the other. George Eliot was a great intelligence, highly cultured, reasonable, and well-balanced, with a kindly, tolerant view of life and a strong disposition to work out all her scenes and characters as illustrations of certain ethical and philosophical principles. When her knowledge failed she fell to sermonising, with the result that when she is obviously forced and unreal, her unreality is that of the moral allegorist, the maker of cosmic parables. Charlotte Brontë was far inferior both in training and primary intellectual power, and when she became extravagant she fell into the sentimental. But in all her faults she preserved one quality, which George Eliot only attained to at rare intervals and by arduous and conscious art. She had the gift of direct emotional effect—a gift which defies exact analysis, but seems to consist in an extraordinary vividness of fancy by which the very essence and atmosphere of a scene or landscape is projected upon the reader's mind. Now great narrative must have other attributes, but it must have this also—in the words of Hilda Wangel, it must be "frightfully thrilling." George Eliot at her best attained it, and then we have the very perfection of the quality, for it is joined with the more purely intellectual qualities of subtlety, insight, and breadth of view. But it is a curious fact that the former, and in many ways inferior, writer has the gift always at her command, which the well-equipped scholar has to strive hard to attain.

The remaining essays in the book are shorter and of less importance. We are glad to find Mrs. Marshall saying a good word for the author of *Lob lie by the Fire* and *Jackanapes*—books of which at least one child was a devoted admirer. It is only fair, too, that Mrs. Henry Wood should be treated with some respect, for her industry was phenomenal and she had some notion of constructing a story. As for Mrs. Norton, we always found the character of the author more interesting than her work; and though in one respect, as Lord Dufferin has recently told us, she was not the prototype of Diana of the Crossways, there remains the figure of a brilliant, capable woman. Mrs. Macquoid writes pleasantly of Julia Kavanagh and Miss Edwards, and Mrs. Parr of the author of *John Halifax*. But why was so incompetent a critic as Miss Edna Lyall allowed to write on Mrs. Gaskell? "Sorrowfully true to life," "tender, noble, and womanly" are epithets that fly about with such terrible frequency

that the reader is bewildered. The essay is in its way amiably appreciative, but a writer of such rare quality as the author of *Cranford* deserved more competent treatment.

The book has also notices of lesser writers: of Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Archer Clive, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Pardoe, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the friend of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and of "A.L.O.E." Distinguished authors none of these were, but they found their way into many homes in their day, and a strong sentimental interest attaches to most of them, which warrants their inclusion here.

THE VINDICATION OF JOHN CABOT.

Cabot's Discovery of North America. By S. E. Weare. (John Macqueen.)

A SINGULAR fate has dogged the footsteps of the men who won the way to the Western world. When Columbus set foot on one of the Bahamas, probably Cat Island, he thought himself off the coast of Cathay. He had brought with him gracious letters from Ferdinand and Isabella for delivery at the Court of the great Khan, and to the day of his death thought his discoveries were off the Asiatic main. So persistent was this belief, that even on his fourth voyage, after he had already touched the continent at the Gulf of Paria, he took with him interpreters skilled in Arabic as likely to be useful in securing the favour of so great a potentate as Kublai Khan. He was looking for India and blundered upon America, and thought till the last that it was Asia. In the mind of Columbus the lands he found—San Domingo, Cuba, and Jamaica—occupied the place which geography assigns to the islands of Japan. He had broken in upon a new world, and thought he had landed only on an unfamiliar side of the old. He added the two Americas to the world, and was within touch of the Pacific, and never was aware of either. It is in keeping with this irony of things that the new world he found for Europe should bear the name of a traveller who came later when he had shown the way, and that they should be called Americans who dwell in a land upon which neither he nor Vespucci ever set eyes.

In life as after his death the fates dealt strangely with the fortunes of Columbus, and few more striking vicissitudes are told of anywhere than the change by which the disgraced Viceroy was set in irons in his own Domingo, and so sent to Spain across the very ocean which had yielded her secret to him, fettered in the bottom of a caravel. He had added a hemisphere to the dominions of the Spaniard, and his latest biographer tells us that his death was a relief to the king; while

"the world at large thought no more of the mournful procession which bore that wayworn body to the grave, than it did of any poor creature journeying in his bier to the potter's field."

But perhaps the saddest contrast of all is that between the fervent hopes which Columbus undoubtedly formed for the con-

version of the natives to Christianity, and the fact that at his death the absolute annihilation of the whole race of the Antilles was already well within view. And it is among the revenges of time that the most important colony which Columbus founded for the Spanish Monarchy should now be the black republic of Hayti.

And if this was the fate of Columbus, what of Cabot, the true discoverer of what is now Canada and the United States? Mr. John Fiske writes:

"In the drama of maritime discovery, as glimpses of new worlds were beginning to reward the enterprising crowns of Spain and Portugal, for a moment there came from the North a few brief notes fraught with ominous portent. The Power for whom Destiny had reserved the world-empire of which these Southern nations were dreaming stretched forth her hand, in quiet disregard of papal bulls, and laid it upon the western shore of the ocean. It was only for a moment, and long years were to pass before the consequences were developed. But in truth the first fateful note that heralded the coming English supremacy was sounded when John Cabot's tiny craft sailed out from the Bristol Channel on a bright May morning of 1497."

These be swelling words; but, in truth, for ages the very existence of John Cabot was forgotten, and this volume is written solely to vindicate the claims of the great discoverer against the pretensions of his son. In neither of the ancient English chronicles—Barrett's *History of Bristol* and the *Fust MS.*—in which mention is made of the discovery of North America, does Cabot's name even occur. We learn, indeed, from Barrett that, on June 24, 1497, "was Newfoundland found by Bristol men in a ship called the *Mathew*." Again, according to the *Fust MS.*,

"this year 1497, on St. John the Baptist's Day, the land of America was found by the Merchants of Bristow in a shippe of Bristowe called the *Mathew*, the which said ship departed from the port of Bristowe the second day of May, and came home again the sixth of August next following."

Both these records agree as to the dates, and the name of the vessel, and the consequent glory of Bristol, and also in ignoring the gallant explorer who led the expedition. This may probably have been due to mere insular jealousy of the foreign adventurer. Thus we find Raimondo de Soncino, in a letter written in the year of the discovery to the Duke of Milan, after describing John Cabot as a Venetian, saying, "The said Messer Joanne, as he is a foreigner and poor, would not be believed if his partners, who are all Englishmen and from Bristol, did not testify to the truth of what he tells." And so little was the fame of the poor Venetian esteemed in England that until some thirty years ago it was confidently taken for granted that the real discoverer of North America was his son Sebastian. Whether Sebastian Cabot ever led an independent expedition, or even if he accompanied his father in the true voyage of discovery, is uncertain, but we know that for over forty years he took credit to himself among the Spaniards for the work which his father achieved. The world was for ages led astray by state-

ments made by men like Peter Martyr and Ramusio, who were personal friends of Sebastian and wrote as he directed. Peter Martyr even goes so far as to speak of John Cabot as dead at the time when the discovery was made. Happily in recent years the Spanish and Italian archives have redressed the balance and made known the truth. The evidence here supplied is of the most convincing sort, and comes to us in the shape of letters written by the Spanish and Venetian and Milanese envoys immediately after the return of the *Mathew* in 1497. These representatives of rival commercial Powers naturally felt it their duty to keep their respective courts thoroughly well informed as to what was being done by the English adventurers, and fortunately their testimony in all essential points is unanimous.

John Cabot had little to show as the result of his discovery of North America. Touching land probably somewhere off Cape Breton,

"he saw," says the Venetian Lorenzo Pasqualigo, "no human beings, but he has brought here to the king certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets; he also found some felled trees, by which he judged there were inhabitants."

Raimondo de Soncino, writing to the Duke of Milan in December, 1497, announces that the king was so pleased with what he regarded as the acquisition of a part of Asia for the British Crown, that he meant to give Cabot ships for a new expedition in the spring,

"and will give him all the criminals, so that he may go to this country and plant a colony there. And in this way he hopes to make London a greater place for spices than Alexandria."

We know that this second expedition actually sailed, and that one of the vessels had to put back into an Irish port through stress of weather—the rest is silence. When Cabot and his companions returned, or whether they returned at all, is simply not known. John Cabot disappears from our view. Even his name does not appear as the discoverer of North America until a comparatively recent date. What did Bristol care for the fame of the mere Venetian so long as the name of the Bristol vessel was remembered? and Sebastian Cabot, settled in Spain, had obvious reasons for being reticent and even untruthful about his father.

Mr. Weare has set out the evidence which demonstrates the validity of John Cabot's claim with abundant care. But was it necessary at this time of day to give Alexander's Bull *in extenso*, and in English as well as in Latin? The book is also somewhat needlessly bulked by a preliminary chapter and long introduction about the current beliefs of the Middle Ages as to what lay beyond the Atlantic. It was the known success of Columbus, and not legends about St. Brandon and the seven cities, which caused John Cabot to sail into the West.

LIBEL AND LITERATURE.

An Outline of the Law of Libel. By W. Blake Odgers, Q.C., LL.D. (Macmillan.)

The Law of Libel and Slander. By Hugh Fraser, LL.D. Second Edition. (Wm. Clowes & Sons.)

THE distinction between libel and slander being, broadly, that libel is a written statement, and slander a spoken, the intimate connexion between libel and literature is evident. It is highly important that every writer should be thoroughly acquainted with the law of libel. To the journalist it is vital, but the novelist requires knowledge no less. Actions have been frequently brought for identifiable fiction which libelled a living person; and in these days of outspoken criticism, it is as necessary for the novelist as for his reviewers to know how far a critic may go safely, and for how much malice he can be mulcted in damages. The public, too, who are both readers and juries, may as well be "up-to-date" as to the relations between libel and literature. Dr. Blake Odgers, in his admirable and neatly bound little manual, just issued, which looks almost like a book of poems, has done no little service both to literary men and the public by his excellent and concise exposition of the law. For lawyers, the law has to be put technically, and Mr. Fraser, in the second edition of his well-arranged text-book, gives the profession the benefit of a clear summary of the leading and latest cases. But Dr. Blake Odgers, in the reprint of his more popular lectures, has treated the theory and practice of libel so that he who runs, or rather sits at his desk, can read. The writer, who is not a barrister, will have no excuse for ignorance of the main issues in the special sort of legal risk to which he exposes himself. He must not do an injury to the reputation of any person, unless he can prove either that his statements are true (a complete answer) or that his criticism is a fair comment on a matter of public interest. If he has said only what can be proved to be true, *cadit questio*. But "fair comment" is often a difficult matter to define. Let him remember, then, that (a) it is immaterial whether he honestly believes that his words are true—that will not absolve him; (b) it is also immaterial how poignant or severe or exaggerated his ridicule or his reproaches may be, if they are justified at all; (c) all statements of fact must be absolutely accurate; (d) it is his statements of opinion only which are protected; (e) the criticism must be relevant to some matter of public, and not of merely personal, interest; (f) and his attack must not be "malicious" in the ordinary sense of the word. Dr. Blake Odgers illustrates all these points with considerable wit as well as learning. He sometimes goes a little far, however, in his *obiter dicta*. For instance, on the question of malice:

"Suppose that A. and B. are both suitors for the hand of the same young lady. A. writes a book or a play which is severely criticised in the *Times*. The criticism, though severe, is, nevertheless, a fair comment on the play. It honestly expresses what the critic really thought

of the production. B. reads this, and is delighted, and he sends a copy of that issue of the *Times* to the mother of the young lady, hoping and intending thus to injure his rival. Will an action lie for malicious publication? I think it will."

But surely *non constat* that the opposition of a mother would ruin his rival with the daughter! However, the point illustrates the fact that malice is often a thorny question. Or, take another instance, as to publication:

"Suppose the defendant is a German merchant, and the plaintiff a German too, a clerk in the office of an English merchant. The defendant considers that he has some cause of complaint against the plaintiff, so he writes a letter in German to the employer of the plaintiff. The envelope is properly fastened down, and addressed to the English merchant, who opens it; he sees it is in German, so he calls for the German clerk, the plaintiff, and hands it to him, saying, 'Tell me what this is about.' Thereupon it becomes the duty of the plaintiff to translate this German letter to his employer, and in so doing he, the plaintiff, necessarily publishes to his employer a libel on himself. Can it be said that this is a publication by the defendant? Can the principal be the agent of the defendant to create a cause of action against him? The defendant compelled the plaintiff to injure his own reputation, and it seems hard he should escape liability."

Dr. Odgers will be happy to argue this case in the courts on either side if it arises. But the decision would surely depend partly upon whether the letter was a libel at all, and also, if privilege were pleaded, upon the question of malice. The privilege resulting if the defendant and his correspondent have common interest in the subject-matter of the communication is destroyed if malice can be proved, and here it probably could be. This German instance recalls the many curious cases where everything turns on the meaning of the words. "Thou art a daffodowndilly" of a lawyer was formerly actionable. "You are a bunter," of Mrs. Rawlings (in 1858), was not. But it might have been if the proper innuendo had been set out. Sometimes, however, the Courts will put off their judicial nescience. In these literary days the judges know more than they did. In 1848 a lady recovered damages from a man who wrote that "her warmest friends had realised the fable of the Frozen Snake"; and when a newspaper said of a solicitor that "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap were fairly equalled, if not outdone," a copy of *Ten Thousand a Year* was put in at the trial and taken as read.

"I myself," says Dr. Blake Odgers, "was once paid to read *The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; some one had compared a virtuous plaintiff to Mr. Hyde; and a copy of Mr. Stevenson's book accompanied my instructions."

So that it is dangerous to compare people with characters out of books. By the way, it is rather odd to reflect, after noting how interesting and dramatic Dr. Odgers makes the law of libel, that no novelist, so far as we know, has brought a libel action into his plot. Breach of promise and divorce we have had, but who has depicted a libel action? Our space is, however, exhausted. Dr.

Odgers has much that is of value to discuss as to the history of reporting, the present unsatisfactory law of newspaper libel, and the development of "the liberty of the Press" (which Lord Kenyon defined to mean that "a man might publish anything which twelve of his countrymen think not blamable"). He might with advantage have discussed some of the cases where novelists have been sued for defaming living persons under a pseudonym. This is the only omission we notice in his useful, concise, and really delightful volume.

THE RACE OF CROMWELL.

Waylen's House of Cromwell. Edited by J. G. Cromwell. (Elliot Stock.)

CANON CROMWELL'S revised edition of *Waylen's* book is very welcome. It contains a considerable amount of new matter, and is altogether a distinct improvement on the original work, although in the absence of consistent and systematic references it cannot be regarded as wholly satisfactory. Among many points of interest space will only allow us to indicate a few. In the account of the Cromwells of America we are warned that American citizens of a certain class (whom philanthropists that know them not are fond of claiming as their "black brethren"), in lieu of bedecking themselves after the fashion of their forefathers with the borrowed finery of cocked-hats and epaulettes, are in these latter days much addicted to proclaiming their freedom and independence by appropriating the name of the great Protector. The common early practice of naming children after a deceased brother or sister is abundantly illustrated in these pages; though there is no instance that quite rivals one which we remember to have seen in the *Visitation of Suffolke*, where the attempt of a parent to perpetuate his own Christian name had to be repeated four times before persistence won success. The old, but always improving, tale is told of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, the *roué* baronet who was converted from his evil ways by the earthquake of Lisbon. Everyone knows how, in the twinkling of an eye, he turned, figuratively speaking, from devil to monk; how, in the new-found fervour engendered by the "horrors of the hour," he forthwith made an honest woman of the lady under his protection by going through a brace of marriage ceremonies with her—one Roman and one Anglican; and how from that hour the "now sobered and chastened," and very much married, couple lived virtuous ever afterwards, and eventually died respected by all who did not know them. Two good anecdotes are reproduced—the one about Napoleon and Sir James Macintosh, and the one about Frances Cromwell and Jerry White.

The latter is perhaps worth telling yet again. Frances was the Protector's youngest daughter, and the Rev. Jeremiah White, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was one of his chaplains. The divine sought to better his fortunes by securing, apprentice-

fashion, the hand of his master's daughter. Her father, however, had more exalted aims for her establishment in life.

"Having been given reason to suspect that his aspiring chaplain had carried his amatory professions too far, Cromwell managed to entrap the couple just at a moment when Jerry was on his knees, caressing the Lady Frances's hand. 'What is the meaning of that posture before my daughter?' demanded he. Here Jerry's wit came to his aid. 'May it please your Highness, I have long unsuccessfully courted the young gentlewoman yonder, my lady's waiting-maid, and I was now therefore humbly praying her ladyship to say a word in my behalf.' Turning to the waiting-maid, Oliver went on: 'Well, hussey, and why should you refuse Mr. White's offers? You must know that he is my friend, and I expect that you will treat him as such.' Here the ready wit of the maiden proved smarter even than Jerry's. 'If Mr. White,' says she, 'intends me that honour, I shall not oppose him.' 'Sayest thou so, lass?' rejoined Cromwell. 'Call Goodwyn; this business shall be finished at once.' Mr. Chaplain Goodwyn arrived; the parties were married on the spot, and Cromwell, by way of solatium, made them a present of £500."

The chapter on Cromwell's Church policy, though obscured by mystical jargon, contains some really valuable observations. The section that treats of the problem concerning his remains does not profess to be more than a sketch; still, even so, it is curious that there is no allusion to the strange story recorded in the *Harleian Miscellany* (ii. 285) to the effect that the body hanged at Tyburn was really that of Charles I., which, in the anticipation that the Protector's tomb would be violated, had been substituted, not without a *souppçon* of pleasantry, in the coffin of the latter. In respect of accuracy there is little enough to complain of in the book, but a statement on p. 7 needs emendation. To say that

"it is next to impossible to give the exact date of the birth, marriage, or death of anybody in England prior to 1538, because before that time there was no regular and systematic registration of births, marriages and deaths kept in this country,"

is incorrect in two ways. On the one hand, in the case of tenants-in-chief, the *Inquisitiones post mortem* furnish us with a mass of such dates as regards that class of landholders; on the other hand, though it is true that Thomas Cromwell started the parochial registers in 1538, they were anything but "regular and systematic" till after 1660. The vulgar delusion that Alexander Borgia died from poison should not have been permitted to disfigure p. 11. In conclusion we present Canon Cromwell with a reference or two which may be useful for a subsequent edition of his book: to p. 356 of Nicolas' *Siege of Carlarverock*, where there is an important note on John de Cromwell, and to pp. 400-402 of vol. i. of Gairdner's *Letters, &c., of Richard III. and Henry VII.* ("Rolls Series"), where additional information will be found anent John Williams, and, among other things, how he "honorably and valiantly acquitted himself" at the Westminster Tournament of November, 1494.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ILLUSTRATORS.

English Illustrations in the Sixties. By Gleeson White. (Constable & Co.)

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL and Mr. Gleeson White have between them succeeded in diverting collectors into a new channel. By this time they must—with lecture, with article, and with book—have sent scores of keen young men to Farringdon-street and Aldgate, where the literary barrows most do congregate, on the search for odd numbers of the illustrated magazines of what Mr. Pennell has called the "Golden Age of Illustrators"—namely, the sixties. For the moment the first editions of Stevenson and Lang have no charm, large-paper minor poets are without interest, three-volume Merediths cease to attract, Dickens and Thackeray monthly parts have lost fascination. The new quarry is back numbers of *Cornhill* and *Good Words*, *Once a Week* and the *Sunday Magazine*. For such collectors Mr. Gleeson White has prepared a comprehensive work, which needs only to be reprinted without plates in the form of a handbook to be quite invaluable. In its present handsome form, enriched by some excellent reproductions of the best drawings of the great period (1857-1870), it is almost an end in itself: a beautiful monument raised to commemorate the strength and directness of English black and white art at its best.

We say strength and directness, for these were the leading characteristics of the artists whom Mr. Gleeson White has worked so hard to honour. Here and there among them was one who added grace and beauty to his equipment, notably Frederick Walker, Mr. Whistler, and occasionally Millais and Sandys, but in the main they were strong and direct before anything. And how strong and direct; how faithful to the fact! When we compare the illustrations of *Once a Week* with the most popular of those which had gone before—the hideous extravagances of Cruikshank, the tiresome caricatures of Phiz, the mass of unobserved and unthinking work which did duty for illustrations in the thirties and forties—and then when we look at the majority of process blocks of to-day and the hurried, unthinking work which they perpetuate, we understand the enthusiasm of critics like Mr. White and Mr. Pennell.

Of the giants of the sixties, Millais and Frederick Sandys were the greatest. Millais's "Prodigal Son," "The Tares," and, in another manner, "Grandmother's Apology"; Sandys' "The Old Chartist," "If," "Until Her Death," "Life's Journey," and "Little Mourner"—these are among the finest things in the book. Mr. Whistler's early drawings from *Once a Week* are miracles of grace, and Mr. White shows us what an artist was lost when the late George Du Maurier threw in his lot with *Punch*. The late Lord Leighton and Charles Keene are misrepresented: there is nothing from "Romola" in the *Cornhill*, and only one of the illustrations to *The Cloister and the Hearth*. We could well have spared the examples of Simeon Solomon, E. H. Pickersgill, and Mr. Du Maurier

in his comic mood, to make room for these. We should also have liked more Walkers. Where, for instance, is "Philip in Church"? Instead of this we have several drawings by Arthur Hughes, to whom we refuse to give a tithe of Mr. White's admiration, and a positively repellant design by J. Leighton. The landscapes of Mr. J. W. North and the figure studies of Mr. H. S. Marks lead us to regret that there is to-day no inducement to artists to put black-and-white work before colour. It is sad, indeed, to reflect what ravages photography is working with the art

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Coriolanus. Edited by R. F. Cholmeley.
King John. Edited by F. P. Barnard.
("Arnold's School Shakespeare.")

WE have received two new volumes of this excellent and rapidly growing series. Mr. Cholmeley's *Coriolanus* is a useful piece of work, very much on the lines of the *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night* for which he is already responsible. *Coriolanus* is at best a difficult play for young students, owing to its compressed and contorted style, but Mr. Cholmeley's paraphrases will do something to lighten their task. The notes on scansion do not always command our assent; and surely it is not correct to say that Alexandrines are "very rare," for *Coriolanus* happens to be one of the plays in which they are most frequent.

Mr. Barnard's *King John* is a somewhat elaborate edition, with a longer introduction and fuller notes than we remember to have seen in any earlier number of the series. It is perhaps fitted for a more advanced type of student than that aimed at by its fellows. The notes are exceedingly good and interesting, and are evidently written with a wide knowledge of heraldry and kindred archaeological lore. An especial feature of the Introduction is the long historical account of the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Barnard gives a noteworthy explanation of that important and, from an historical point of view, enigmatic character, Philip Faulconbridge.

"Just as Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff is a medley of Sir John Oldcastle and Sir John Fastolf, in like manner the Bastard of *The Troublesome Raigne* and of *King John* is a composite character, to form which three several historical personages have been laid under contribution. All three were bastards, all three performed notable actions, all three possessed the common feature of conspicuous valour."

These three bastards, according to Mr. Barnard, are Philip Fitz-Richard, Fawkes de Breauté, and a fifteenth century bastard of Faulconbridge, Thomas Neville. The theory is plausible, and accords well enough with the spirit of Elizabethan play-writing. It requires, we think, to be supported by passages from Hall, Holinshed, or any other chronicler whom the author of *The Troublesome Raigne* may be supposed to have used, showing what information as to each of these three worthies appears to have been at that writer's disposal. It is not safe to assume in an Elizabethan author a modern

knowledge of minor historical detail. We observe that an impossible statement, to which we have previously taken exception, still appears in the *Life of Shakespeare* appended to the Introductions of these volumes. It is that Shakespeare was a member of the Chamberlain's Company in 1593. The company referred to began its career in 1594.

* * *
Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland. By T. O. Russell. (Kegan Paul.)

MR. RUSSELL's book will be very useful to tourists who have projected visits to the romantic and beautiful spots he describes, and it will make others wish to see them. It is not, strictly speaking, a guide-book, as described in its sub-title. Mr. Russell gives but few particulars of hotels, conveyances, and other details of travel. For these the tourist can go to the ordinary manuals; Mr. Russell's aim is to supply his higher wants. He writes as a student of Irish history, and an enthusiastic admirer of Irish scenery; and it is to spots which history and scenery unite to make remarkable, such as Tara Hill, Uisneach Hill, Cashel, Dunluce Castle, and Glendaloch, that Mr. Russell invites his readers. Steeped himself in the myths and the more or less authentic history of the early Irish kings, and glorying in every rath, lise, cromlech, and round tower that remains to support those bright legends, Mr. Russell makes a pleasant companion. We wish that in dropping guide-book formality, he had dropped guide-book phraseology when describing scenery. Phrases like "a brilliant gem of nature," "a gem of scenic loveliness," and "scenic attractions" are too frequent. Mr. Russell discusses anew the interesting question whether our Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey is the very Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, on which the over-Kings of Ireland were crowned; and he decides, in opposition to Dr. Petrie (who thinks that the pillar stone now at Tara is the true Lia Fail), that it is. He is so satisfied of this that he would carry the pedigree of the stone, if possible, farther back. He suggests a scientific examination with a view to determining whether the precious relic which has come to us *vid Tara* and Scone was not, originally, a meteorite from space.

* * *
My Father as I Recall Him. By Mamie Dickens. (The Roxburghe Press.)

THE death of Miss Dickens while her book was in the press lends a pathetic interest to her graceful and affectionate tribute to her father's memory. Miss Dickens has not so much added to our knowledge of Charles Dickens, even in his private life, as she has renewed and deepened it. Naturally she has dwelt much on her father's home-loving nature, his gaiety at his own hearth, his splendid achievements as a playmate. We will quote, however, a reminiscence which has literary interest. Miss Dickens had been seriously ill, and her father liked to have her carried into his study, to remain with him while he wrote:

"On one of these mornings I was lying on

the sofa endeavouring to keep perfectly quiet, while my father wrote busily and rapidly at his desk, when he suddenly jumped from his chair and rushed to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few moments, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then turning toward, but evidently not seeing, me, he began talking rapidly in a low voice. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time. It was a most curious experience for me, and one of which I did not, until later years, fully appreciate the purport. Then I knew that, with his natural intensity, he had thrown himself completely into the character that he was creating, and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the creature of his pen."

Miss Dickens has scattered through her pages many a trifling memory that we can welcome: even so elusive a circumstance as this, that one day, on the road from Rochester to Cobham, her father pointed out to her "the exact spot where Mr. Winkle called out: 'Whoa; I have dropped my whip!'"

* * *
Wrekin Sketches. By Emma Boore. (Elliot Stock.)

MISS BOORE has done what we should like to see other village ladies do. She has studied, and written down in an unassuming way, the history of her own neighbourhood. There is no fear of such a record proving dull or valueless provided it has been constructed with care, Miss Boore's being a case in point. Wisely, she has given most of her space to her own little Shropshire village of Uppington, the Opetone of the Domesday Book, and to the villages around it. She plunges into the early English lore of the neighbourhood, finding suggestive facts in the Domesday Book, in Pipe Rolls, and Hundred Rolls, and church accounts. And she has stories of those elusive days which the very old can just remember to have seen, or to have heard of. One of these stories concerns the Uppington gibbet, which Miss Boore herself recollects as a harmless gate-post. Even then she would gallop past it when riding that way in the evening. The most trivial, inconsequential story of village life seems to have a nameless charm, and though Miss Boore has really nothing particular to tell us about one "Tailor Lockly," who flourished in the village a hundred years ago, yet it is pleasant to know that he kept seven 'prentices and several journeymen, and that he rode out of Uppington every morning to meet the newspaper, and that he wore a pigtail, which the boys played with in church. Miss Boore has a chapter on Gronow Owen, the Welsh bard, and on parson Richard Allestree, who was born at Uppington in 1619, and is one of the writers to whom *The Whole Duty of Man* is still attributed. We doubt if it was wise of Miss Boore to include Shrewsbury in her book, but as a village annalist she has done a service to her neighbourhood and its occasional students.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen.
(Macmillan & Co.)

Heralded by trumpets Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel comes to us from America. I have no hesitation in saying that *The Choir Invisible* is a book to read, and a book to keep after reading. Mr. Allen's gifts are many—a style pellucid and picturesque, a vivid and disciplined power of characterisation, and an intimate knowledge of a striking epoch and an alluring country. He transports us to Kentucky in the year 1795. The plot is not novel, Mr. Allen lays bare no sore, he develops no problem: it is just the story of a man who loved an attractive woman who was unworthy, intertwined with the history of another who was pure gold. That is all, but so magical is the wilderness environment, so fresh the characters, so buoyant the life they lead, so companionable, so well balanced, and so touched with humanity the author's personality, that I hereby send him greeting and thanks for a brave book. Mr. Allen is not so well known in this country as in the United States, but *The Choir Invisible* will remedy that. He has already written several novels, including *Summer in Arcady*, and *A Kentucky Cardinal*. I have not read either of those books—in fact (here is a frank confession), before I began upon *The Choir Invisible* I had not read one line of Mr. Allen's writings, and knew him only through appreciations in the American press. But it is clear he is a man who has worked long and diligently at his art, and that while he was chastening and controlling a manner, his matter was increasing in volume and quality.

What would he make of a modern story, I wonder. Here he has as background a glorious and undiscovered country, where the imagination is fired by mere descriptions of nature, and by pen pictures of the looks and dress of pioneer men. It is all so fresh, so new, so right, so sane, so different from the tired life that encompasses us. Does not this stir the imagination?—

"On the outskirts of the town lay the wilderness, undulating away for hundreds of miles like a vast green robe, with scarce a rift of human making."

Or this?—

"Seated on the roots of an oak were a group of young backwoodsmen—swarthy, lean, tall, wild and reckless of bearing—their long rifles propped against the tree or held fondly across the knees; the gray smoke of their pipes mingling with the gray of their jauntily worn raccoon-skin caps; the rifts of yellow sunlight blending with the yellow of their hunting shirts and tunics; their knives and powder-horns fastened in the belts that girt in their gaunt waists: the heroic youthful sinew of the old border folk. One among them, larger and handsomer than the others, had pleased his fancy by donning more nearly the Indian dress. His breech-clout was of dappled fawn-skin; his long thigh boots of thin deer-hide were open at the hips, leaving exposed the clear whiteness of his flesh; below the knees they were ornamented by a scarlet fringe tipped with the hoofs of fawns and the spurs of the wild turkey; and in his cap he wore intertwined wings of the hawk and the scarlet tanager."

Or this description of the side-tracks through the primeval forest?—

"Into this high road of the mastodon and the bison smaller pathways entered from each side, as lesser watercourses run into a river; the avenues of the round-horned elk, narrow, yet broad enough for the tossing of his lordly antlers; the track of the countless migrating shuffling bear; the slender woodland alleys along which buck and doe and fawn had sought the springs or crept tenderly from their breeding coverts or fled like shadows in the race for life; the devious wolf-runs of the maddened packs as they had sprang to the kill; the threadlike passages of the stealthy fox; the tiny trickle of the squirrel, crossing

and recrossing without number; and ever close beside all these, unseen, the grass-path or the tree-path of the cougar."

As I have said, the plot of the story is of the slightest; but apart altogether from its engaging setting the story is told extremely well, and the objectivity of the characters will please the most fastidious. Amy Falconer is a fascinating creation, and the scene between her and John Gray, wherein this pretty minx does not explain why she cannot accompany him to the ball, is told with a delightful touch, and in the vein of the finest comedy.

Mr. Allen has a wide range, and from passages of summer-day philandering turns easily to such a vigorous chapter as that describing John Gray's fight with a cougar, the dreaded panther of the backwoodsman, which has for its kindred the royal tiger and the fatal leopard of the old world. The episode is too long to quote in full, but I must find room for the passage where the man first discovers the near, the very near, presence of the beast. It is early dawn, a fine drizzling rain has set in, and in a mood of deep dejection he has wandered into the schoolhouse.

"He sat at the upper end of the room, gazing blankly through the doorway at the gray light and clouds of white mist trailing. Once an object came into the field of his vision. At the first glimpse he thought it a dog—long, lean, skulking, prowling, tawny—on the scent of his tracks. Then the mist passed over it. When he beheld it again it had approached nearer, and was creeping rapidly toward the door. His listless eyes grew fascinated by its motions—its liteness, suppleness, grace, stealth, exquisite caution. Never before had he seen a dog with the step of a cat. A second time the fog closed over it, and then, advancing right out of the cloud with more swiftness, more cunning, its large feet falling as lightly as flakes of snow, the weight of its huge body borne forward as noiselessly as the trailing mist, it came straight on. It reached the hickory block which formed the doorstep; it paused there an instant, with its fore-quarters in the doorway, one forefoot raised, the end of its long tail waving; and then it stole just over the doorway and crouched, its head pressed down until its long, whitish throat lay on the floor; its short, jagged ears set forward stiffly like the broken points of a javelin; its dilated eye blazing with steady green fire—as still as death. And then, with his blood become as ice in his veins from horror, and all the strength gone out from him in a death-like faintness, the schoolmaster realised that he was face to face unarmed with a cougar, gaunt with famine and come for its kill."

Mr. Allen's narrative skill is but one of the many qualities of a ripe, vigorous, and sympathetic nature. *The Choir Invisible* is a fine achievement.

* * * * *

An African Millionaire. By Grant Allen.
(Grant Richards.)

This is not a hill-top novel. *An African Millionaire* belongs to Mr. Grant Allen's other fictional manner—his derivative manner. It owes its existence, I should conjecture, to Mr. Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Mr. Grant Allen was too wise to attempt to invent another and better detective; so he decided upon the converse, and has given us a series of the great frauds practised by the notorious Colonel Clay upon Sir Charles Vandrift, the African millionaire. The book purports to be written by Sir Charles Vandrift's brother-in-law and secretary, who, after the manner of Watson in Mr. Grant Allen's model, does his best to cheapen himself. These self-effacing chroniclers can become very tiresome! I have read Mr. Allen's book through, but I cannot admit ever to feeling genuine interest, so obviously manufactured are the stories. Every story of crime or deception is, of course, manufactured—even the matchless mosaics of Gaboriau were manufactured—but there is all the difference in the world between the detective stories of a man with a natural bent towards mystification and the stories of a man who produces them merely

because they are the fashion. Mr. Grant Allen is a literary opportunist. He is a very clever one, but he is not painstaking enough to carry me away with any of his inventions.

For less exacting readers, for readers who demand less verisimilitude, *An African Millionaire* may be exciting. But even they will find hard nuts to crack. Such a young woman, for example, as Colonel Clay's wife could not have reappeared in half-a-dozen different roles in broad daylight, as she is made to do, and never be detected. Only where false beards or whiskers can be worn would such deception be possible, especially with men whose suspicions are aroused. Again, no one possessing Colonel Clay's intelligence would ever dare to assume in New York the name and personality of a well-known English man of letters. The interchange of authors between the two countries has long been too brisk. Again, Mr. Allen has not sufficiently carefully co-ordinated the episodes. In the first story Colonel Clay is made the height of Sir Charles Vandrift—that is to say, middle height; subsequently he becomes on one occasion "a little parson"; on another, a German professor, of long, thin build; on another, a detective described as a small man. Let Colonel Clay disguise his features as he will, his stature must remain practically unaltered. There are other discrepancies disquieting to a reader who, like myself, loves a good story of crime above everything: the total results being that I cannot recommend *An African Millionaire* to specialists in this kind of fiction. Nor is it possible to quote from it.

* * *

Darab's Wine-Cup, and Other Tales. By Bart Kennedy.
(Sidney Oliff.)

Mr. Kennedy has a wild and whirling imagination, a lurid imagination, an imagination that revels in tragedy. Also he has declared war against the principal verb. The result resembles the horror and confusion of primal chaos:

"She fell asleep and she dreamed of gold. Bright, yellow, terrible gold. Gold that glittered, that flashed, that shone with shine unutterable. Gold. Gold that slided, that crushed, that choked. The unapeakable transmuter that changed all things even to gold. That brought all things to its own level. That weighed all things. That moved all things. That slew all things. That was at once as life and death. Frightful paradox—Gold."

Here you have a picture of the thinker and the poet:

"He had attained to the full flower of his individuality. He was a king by the divine right of his intellect. Thoughts sublime, pictures vivid, truths potent, came from him. Flowers of wisdom grew in the garden of his imagination. Through him spoke the varied phases of Nature—of life. Dashings of waters, songs of birds, thrills of love, subtleties of feeling, and the trend and complexities of civilisation were revealed in his pictures."

A glance at the portrait at the beginning of the volume, with its upreared head, scornful lip, and flashing eye, with the trend and complexities of civilisation indicated by a *pince-nez*, will leave no doubt as to the original from which this stirring description was drawn.

Finally, I may cull from the garden of Mr. Bart Kennedy's imagination an admirable and penetrating criticism of his own romantic manner:

"He couldn't tell exactly where he was going, or why he was going, or where he would stop. He was just going. That was all."

* * *

The Romance of Golden Star. By George Griffith.
(F. V. White & Co.)

Mr. Griffith's leading character is a revived mummy from a primal South American civilisation. He was found by an exploring professor and restored to life after a sleep of 360 years by a doctor experienced in the occult. The story is essentially one of action and adventure, and except when the mummy croons about his lost kingdom and the glories of his former life, I have been able to read it with interest and attention. After so startling a beginning as the resurrection of Vilcaroaya, one is, of course, prepared for an essay in the romantic manner, and, to do Mr. Griffith justice, his accounts of the old Incas and their treasure houses are very well done, and at least as plausible as were the jewel caves in *King Solomon's Mines* of yore. I can quite well imagine that an adventurous boy would

want to take his passage as a stowaway for South America on the strength of them. The women of the book, one of whom has also done time as a mummy, are superfluous, and impede the current of the narrative. Women naturally would be in the way on a treasure expedition. Here is one of Mr. Griffith's descriptions of Peruvian magnificence:

"From the cornice to the floor hung the bright-hued hangings, and against these were ranged along the floor on either side threescore seats of silver, and the floor was paved with diamond-shaped blocks of gold and silver set alternately. Behind the throne on which I sat rose from the floor to roof a sloping wall of golden ingots, and on either hand stood a great golden vase, heaped high with unset gems, emeralds and diamonds, pearls and sapphires and rubies, precious almost beyond price; and on the roof above my throne a great golden image of the sun, encircled by spreading rays of gems, glowed and sparkled in the light of the candles and torches."

The doctor becomes quite demoralised by the quantity of gold and jewels, and betrays his friends, so that he is shut up in a prison made of gold blocks, and then condemned to death:

"There is your house of gold. Go and dwell in it till it shall be safe for me to release you. Every day, as I have said, you shall eat and drink from plates and cups of gold, and you shall dream of gold until this gold-fever of yours is cured."

The manner of his death is consistent with his uncanny powers:

"Then with a soldier holding each of his arms, and two others grasping his shoulders, he drew a quick, deep, gasping breath. The blood rushed into his face till its pallor became purple. The next instant it became deathly white again. His jaw dropped, his eyes grew fixed and blindly staring, and then his shape seemed to shrink together like an empty bag, and he sank down between those who were holding him."

* * *

The Light of the Eye. By H. J. Chaytor.
(Digby, Long & Co.)

Whatever faults may be found with Mr. Chaytor as a writer of fiction, he certainly does not lack a daring imagination. *The Light of the Eye* carries one among all sorts of strange people. College dons who work miracles and penetrate, disguised, into Thibetan Lamaseries; detectives who read Kant's *Kritik* for relaxation, or rather for mental exercise; and a vampire of the most approved order who creates a panic in London, in this nineteenth century, by draining the vitality of casual people in the street, and leaving them in a dying condition to puzzle the hospital surgeons. When I add that the plot centres round a diamond, cigar-shaped and *three inches long*, I feel that I shall have roused my readers to the highest pitch of excitement, an excitement which they must allay for themselves by reading the book, for I can tell them no more of the plot. I believe that average readers do not go to the novel for style, and therefore Mr. Chaytor's deficiencies in that respect will not distress them, but if they do not expect style, its absence will doubtless be atoned for by the sprinkling of familiar Latin quotations which adorn Mr. Chaytor's pages. With what I am more inclined to quarrel is his dialogue. His undergraduates talk in this sort of way:

"'Comfortable place you have here,' he began, 'and a further advantage is Florence Athelstone's society. I made her acquaintance when I was on tour, as she probably told you.'"

"'She has,' said Carronar, with some show of indifference.

"'And you are a bit—eh?'"

"'I don't see why you should say so, you seem impressed yourself.'"

"'Not I, my dear chap; she is all very nice, but I prefer someone with a sense of humour. She has none absolutely. And I have orders to look out for an heiress, American dollars preferred.'"

"'Sense of humour is no drawback. One doesn't want to be always on the gag.'"

"'Exactly; she is your affinity, you know.'"

"'Don't talk such trash!' said Carronar with vehemence."

This rather tempts one to adapt Shakespeare, and sing "It was an 'Arry and his Lass." Again, the young lady in question, Miss Athelstone, strikes me as expressing herself oddly in conversation with Carronar. Speaking of the attitude of her family towards her engagement, she says:

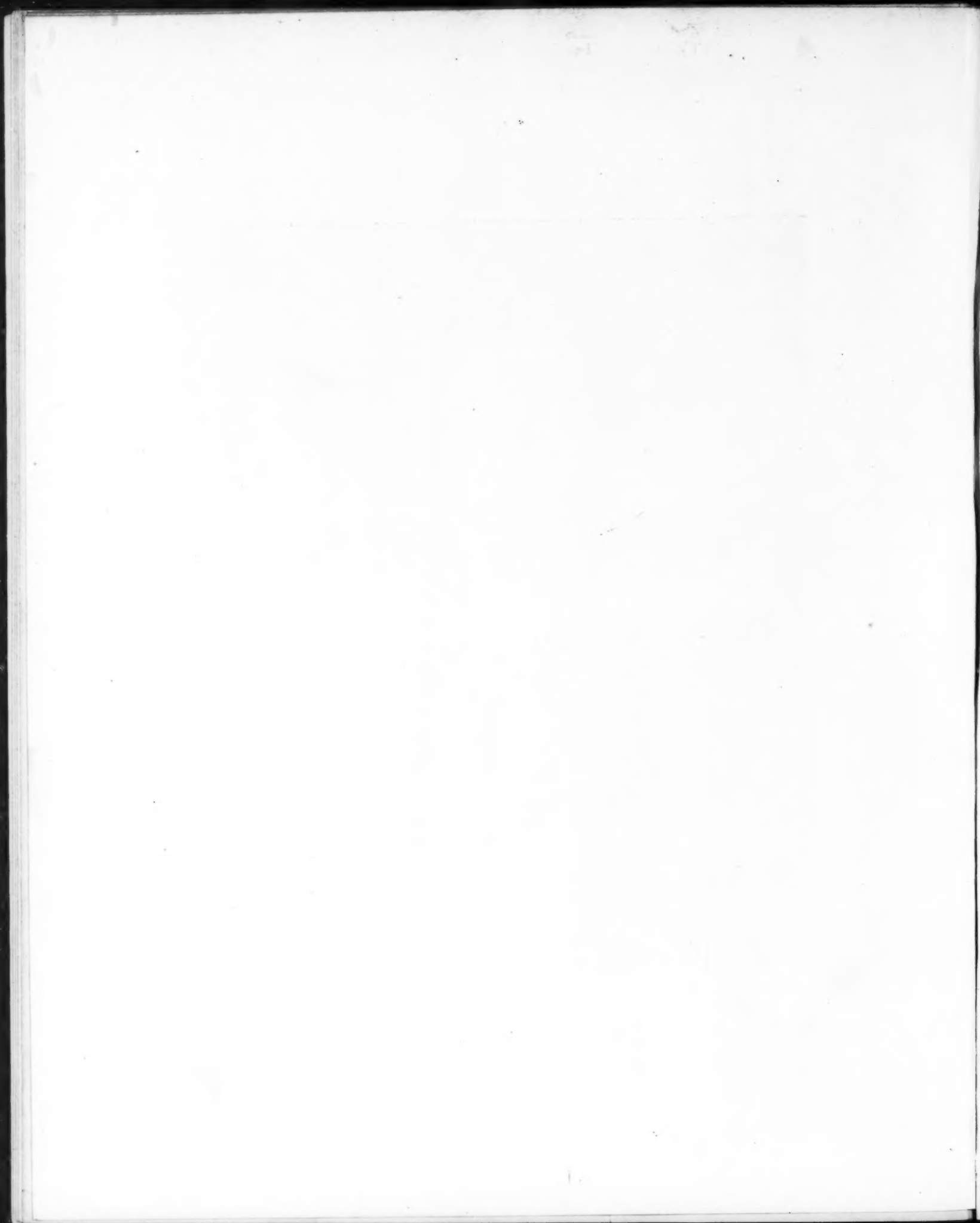
"'I fancy they are all keen on it; he has been here a good deal since you went away; he lives close at hand too, and I don't dislike him.'"

"'Is that all you can say of him? When did he ask you?'"



ALEXANDER POPE

From the Drawing by W. Hoare, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



"A week ago; he was going away then."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, I don't know. He is coming for his answer this afternoon, anyway."

"Well, it will be a wrench."

"It will indeed. You know I have always thought of you as a brother; there never was any restraint between us, or any of those idiotic compliments that so many fools think necessary."

I don't seem to recognise in this the gentle feminine accents of the daughter of a country vicar.

But these are faults of inexperience. At present Mr. Chaytor's dialogue, all his writing indeed, strikes me as not sufficiently painstaking. But his book is more readable than less faulty novels of the ordinary circulating library type.

* * *

God Save the Queen: a Tale of '37. By Allen Upward.
(Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Allen Upward's new book may be called a special Diamond Jubilee novel. It tells of a conspiracy hatched by the friends of the Duke of Cumberland sixty years ago to place that very unpopular prince on the throne instead of Her Gracious Majesty. The idea is a bold one, and Mr. Upward has treated it adroitly, though I think he is scarcely fair to the officers of the Household Brigade, temp. William IV. For not only do these gentlemen hatch treason freely under the auspices of a shady Hanoverian baron, but they do not scruple to murder, under the forms of a duel, those of their brother officers who are on the other side, while one of them resorts to cheating at cards in order to force the hero of the story, Hervey, to throw up his commission because he is opposed to the Duke of Cumberland's faction. But Mr. Upward may fairly plead that conspirators seldom pick and choose as to the means they employ for gaining an end.

God Save the Queen is full of exciting moments and perilous adventures, and its author's light-hearted contempt for historical facts prepossesses me in his favour. His loyalty is unquestionable, but at times I find it a little overwhelming. Listen to this:

"Don't say Alexandrina," Fanny interrupted. "Her Royal Highness herself told me that she prefers her second name. When she ascends the throne she means to reign as QUEEN VICTORIA."

"The young man bowed. The magic of the syllables sounded in his ear like a deep trumpet blast, and stirred his heart with a prophetic thrill, as if already he could feel the glamour of the sixty years of freedom and happiness and glory that were to make that name immortal in the annals of the world."

But though Mr. Upward is liable to occasional moments of hysterical exaltation, he is not always at these heights. For the rest, his book contains some clever sketches of the great men of 1837—the Iron Duke, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord George Bentinck, and so on. Indeed, one of the charms of a book of this kind is that it enables the author to prophesy gracefully after the event, as in the following remark of one of the characters about Palmerston:

"I believe he is an able man but without much principle. He has been in office for twenty years, but yet they say he wields no real influence. People don't take him seriously, and the Radicals don't trust him because he was lukewarm over Reform. But he is a good debater, and has a great knowledge of the Continent. I shouldn't wonder if he came to something yet."

Altogether, *God Save the Queen* is an ingenious piece of work, cleverly put together and eminently readable.

* * *

The Girls at the Grange. By Florence Warden.
(F. V. White & Co.)

I have not read a book of Miss Warden's since her clever detective story, *The House on the Marsh*. In the interval she seems to have pretty well exhausted her vein. *The Girls at the Grange* is a wonderfully improbable story—the first half being the more improbable and the second half the more wonderful. You jump from a demure household of four orthodox conventional girls and an obstinate, mouse-like mother to a gambling hell located in a Kent country-house. The ladies are invited to the country-house by a Jew money-lender; and as the invitation is apparently given for no consideration received, and out of pure gaiety of heart, one

naturally suspects its motives. In the meantime one gets rather tired of Mrs. Drew's wax-like hand and her little shawl. Presently young men begin to turn up, and it appears that the respectable family are intended to throw a halo around the place, while the gambling goes on undisturbed. Of character-drawing there is but little. The eldest Miss Drew is a mere puppet, who tosses her head languidly, buries it in her book or breaks her eye-glasses. She is quite unnecessary to the story.

"In a corner of the room, with a reading-table beside her, sat Julia, the eldest daughter, who had not yet spoken. She was tall and thin, dark-haired and sallow, and she held a very high place in the family estimation on account of her intellectual qualities. She read a great deal, and she wore glasses to read with; and she let the family affairs trickle on for the most part without interference and without comment. It was understood that these things were beneath her."

The most amusing personage is Miss Doris. Her demure way of refusing a proposal is almost the only humorous touch in a wearisome book.

"Doris said nothing. She was always economical of words."

"You don't care for me, I suppose?" said he at last, in a low voice.

"I like you," replied Doris, very deliberately. "I have always found you very nice."

"But not nice enough for Manitoba?" suggested Sutton mournfully. "I was afraid you wouldn't!"

"It isn't Manitoba that I object to," replied she, after a long pause, "nor Florida either. I like oranges. But—you see, you would not go there of your own free will, but because you had to hide me away somewhere. Now, I won't marry to be hidden away!"

* * *

The Craftsman. By Rowland Grey.
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

One is perhaps getting a little weary of the literary person as a subject for fiction. And nearly all the characters in *The Craftsman* are engaged in writing, or in acting, or at least in type-writing plays. Rowland Grey writes freshly, and as if she took her work seriously. I should not be surprised if she gave us an excellent story some day. The present one is slight, but it contains two or three excellent studies of character. The best is Markham Le Mesurier, the playwright. The book begins with the failure of his "Repentance of Miriam," and ends with the success of his "Remembrance," and his happy marriage with Melita Frayne. Contrasted with him is Hawtrey Sharron, the superficial writer of popular comedies. It is the contrast of the artist and the charlatan. In the moment of success Mesurier realises his love for the woman to whose influence over him that success is mainly due:

"It has been a great night. If life never holds another like it, it will still have been worth living to the utmost. What do you think was the supreme moment?"

"When they called for you again and again with all their might, when the whole theatre rang with applause, when you knew you had conquered, made your name?"

"There was a pause, broken only by the merry jingle of the time-keeping bells."

"No, not then."

"When Vane Tillotson thrilled us all so in the third act, when it was so still you might have heard a pin fall?"

"No, not then. Melita, the happiest moment of all was when, in the last act, I saw your face as you watched. How tender it grew! How you listened!—listened as if you, too. Then I heard another voice within me speaking clearly. It told me that in all the world there was only one woman I could love. I am poor and faulty, unworthy of your utter purity, but I love you—I love you."

The story ends with a charming little idyll of the honeymoon.

"Come in spring sunset, with an April sky flushing the gleaming lake with rose and traces of lucent gold. Judas trees, all in imperial purple, on the cool, green shores. In the lush meadows, millions of poets' narcissus, keeping rare company with spotted orchis and the cowslips we vainly fancy to be England's pride. The angelus softly calling from the white churches perched in the misty hills. And upon the water a gaily painted boat."

"Is it only in fairy tales they live happily ever after? They had waited a year to be married when spring came back again, and found it worth their patience. Three days ago London in a grey fog; and now all this splendour of budding life, this scented air, this encompassing enchantment."

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NOT ONLY RIVALS FRESH MILK, BUT IS
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Guy's Tonic acts immediately upon the Stomach, Liver, and entire Intestinal Tract.

"22, Oxford Road,
"Finsbury Park, N.
"I have now taken Guy's Tonic, and unhesitatingly testify to its worth. Guy's Tonic acts immediately upon the Digestive Organs.

"A. B. COPE."

Guy's Tonic, by causing thorough Digestion, Absorption, and Assimilation, insures good Blood-making, thus removing Debility and Emaciation.

"Woolhara, Morthoe,
"North Devon.

"Since I commenced to take Guy's Tonic my Appetite has improved, and I am putting on Flesh.

"LAWSON COAD."

Guy's Tonic, by regulating the Functions of the Liver, Kidneys, and other Glands, keeps the Blood pure and the Body in good Health.

"20, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

"I really feel quite vexed with myself for not letting you know long ago how very much benefited I feel from your valuable Guy's Tonic. I have not felt so well for years. I shall ever be grateful to Guy's Tonic for the good, robust Health I am now enjoying.

"MARIA BAYNE."

Guy's Tonic being a Nervine Nutrient invigorates and re-vitalises the Brain and nervous System, and through these acts specifically upon every Organ and Tissue in the economy of man.

"The Quay, East Looe, Cornwall.

"I have taken two bottles of Guy's Tonic. It is doing me good, I sleep better, and do not suffer so much in my Stomach and Nerves as I did. I have been so weak at times that I could neither eat, work, nor sleep.

"M. PHARCE."

Guy's Tonic should be instantly resorted to

When Digestion is accompanied by Flatulency;

When Pain, Weight, Fulness or Distension is felt after Eating;

When there is Drowsiness after Meals;

When there is Dislike for Food of all kinds;

When there is a Dull, Weak, Failing Appetite;

When there is a Loss of Flesh, and Strength is gradually diminishing.

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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

NOT many books have been published this week. Yet the stream that was dammed begins to flow. A trickle of new editions—rather than new books—shows the change. We have, for instance, a new and revised edition, in one volume, of Mr. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*. As a rule, books of exploration have their day and cease, and we confess that we had thought of Mr. Stanley's work, important though it is, as a book of the past. It reappears in a cheap one-volume edition. Mr. Stanley remarks that the issue of his work at the present price cannot be profitable to either author or publisher, but he consents to this edition in the belief that his readers may thereby be better able "to follow intelligently the developments that are being constantly made there by the Congo State, Great Britain, and Germany, the three Powers that are now in possession of the regions traversed by our Expedition."

We have received from Messrs. A. & C. Black a new edition of *Sartor Resartus* adapted to school use. The editor, Mr. J. A. S. Barrett, has supplied the most copious notes and an introduction of nearly fifty pages in length. *Sartor Resartus*, he thinks, "is fitted to be a class-book of the greatest usefulness to junior students, stimulating to their thought and formation of their character." We hesitate to endorse this, and feel rather sorry for the junior students who will soon be tackling these 350 pages of text and notes. Undoubtedly it is true that "to the more serious student" *Sartor Resartus* "becomes in many cases a guide, philosopher and friend, directing him to the wisdom of Goethe and the beauties of Jean Paul, and

proving itself the wine as well as the food of life." But wine and food, to be enjoyed, and to be nutritious, must be approached with the natural appetite. The reading of *Sartor* should be one of the divine accidents in every youth's life. However, the whole question of the adaptation of standard books to schoolroom use is, we think, in need of consideration, and we shall perhaps return to this subject.

Messrs. Macmillan persevere in doing justice, and perhaps more than justice, to Capt. Marryat. They have added *Frank Mildmay* to their series of standard novels. Mr. H. R. Millar illustrates, and Mr. David Hannay, as usual, edits. It was *Frank Mildmay* that gave Marryat his first taste of fame. But Mr. Hannay points out that the story is inferior to *Peter Simple*, *Midshipman Easy*, or *Masterman Ready*, and that it cannot escape the charge of coarseness. Yet the British sailor of the eighteenth century could not be drawn in delicate lines; and Mr. Hannay remarks that "on the few occasions when the writers of the century looked at the existence on board ship it filled them with horror." He continues, in a passage which we quote as being of interest just now:

"The vein of Cockneyism which is to be found all through them accounts for much. Smollett and Fielding were assuredly not squeamish, yet they both appear to have shared the disgust which filled Dr. Johnson when he stood at the break of the quarter-deck, and looked down on the overcrowding below, and was offended by the foul language and the fouler smells. From all this they recoiled. Smollett's picture of the Navy was overcharged with effect; but he would not have painted it so fiercely, all in black as he did, if it had not revolted him."

From Messrs. Henry & Co. come three new editions in their new "Random Series": two of them are Mr. Barry Pain's *The Kindness of the Celestial* and *In a Canadian Canoe*, the third is a new edition of the translation of Louis Couperus' novel, *Ecstasy*, by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos and Mr. John Gray.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is known in this country practically by that work alone; and thousands of readers have probably wondered when they would next hear of him. He has now written a sequel to *Looking Backward*, which he entitles *Equality*. *Looking Backward*, he writes,

"was a small book, and I was not able to get into it all I wished to say on the subject. Since it was published what was left out of it has loomed up so much more important than what it contained that I have been constrained to write another book. I have taken the date of *Looking Backward*, the year 2000, as that of *Equality*, and have utilised the framework of the former story as a starting-point for this which I now offer."

Mr. Bellamy then summarises the plot of *Looking Backward*, and the new story begins from the point where Julian West, having awaked from his dream in Dr. Leete's house, goes downstairs to tell it all to Edith, who is gathering flowers in the garden on which "the morning sun of the twentieth century" is shining. *Equality* is a much

longer story than its forerunner, filling, indeed, more than three hundred and fifty closely printed pages.

Maeterlinck again and already! His book of essays, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, was a conversational success only a month or two ago, and, to a few people, something much better. Now we have Maeterlinck the dramatist presented to us by the translator of the essays, Mr. Alfred Sutro. *Aglavaine et Sélysette* is the tinkling title of Maeterlinck's new five-act drama. Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose literary activity, we notice, takes rather a wide range, writes an introduction. He says:

"For the play, which is here presented in an English dress, no special words of preface are required. It may be left to make its own impression. Some of its indefinable charm of language must no doubt be lost in a translation; and the rounded completeness of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the finished repose in which it ends, are scarcely rivalled here. *Aglavaine et Sélysette* ends on a cry, haunting indeed, but not satisfying. In the *Trésor des Humbles* M. Maeterlinck appeared as a professed Neo-Platonist, a thinker and mystic, saturated in Emerson, and finding inspiration from Plotinus and Swedenborg. This growing philosophic passion may involve a certain expense of dramatic quality. But there is here an even higher attainment in delicate insight, and in the power of expressing by simple words some of the subtlest and most elusive shades of emotion."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones issues, through Messrs. Macmillan, his comedy, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*. "My comedy isn't a comedy at all; it's a tragedy dressed up as a comedy," he tells Mrs. Grundy, in a pleasant, bantering letter of dedication. And as for the moral of the play, he anticipates Mrs. Grundy's demand for one:

"If I dare hint so much to you, dear lady, it is well at times not to be too ferociously moral. There is a time to be ferociously moral and a time to refrain. The present, my dear Mrs. Grundy, is an eminently suitable time to refrain. Let us not be always worrying books and plays for their morals. Let us not worry even life itself for too plain or too severe a moral. Let us look with a wise, sane, wide-open eye upon all these things, and if a moral rises naturally from them let us cheerfully accept it, however shocking it may be; if not, let us not distress ourselves. . . . Refrain, my dear lady! Refrain! Refrain! And if you must have a moral in my comedy, suppose it to be this—'That as women cannot retaliate openly, they may retaliate secretly—and lie.' And a thoroughly shocking moral it is, now we have got it. But, oh! my dear Mrs. Grundy, Nature's morality is not your morality nor mine. Nature has ten thousand various morals, all of them as shocking as truth itself. The very least of them would fright our isle from its propriety if it were once guessed at."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN. By One of Her Majesty's Servants. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 2s. 6d.
ARNOLD OF RUSSY: HIS SCHOOL LIFE AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDUCATION. Edited by J. J. Findlay, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, DRAMA, ETC.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON; A COMEDY. Edited by Hugh Walker, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.

SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited, with Notes, by J. A. S. Barrett, M.A. A. & C. Black. 5s.

THE MERMAID, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. Patterson. Published by the Author (Cardiff).

SHAKESPEARE: A REVOLUTION. Anonymous. Skeffington & Son.

DIEZ DOMINICA. By Margaret Evans and Isabel Southall. Elliot Stock.

AGLAVAIN AND SÉLYSTRE: A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Grant Richards.

FICTION.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE. By Grant Allen. Grant Richards.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT. By John Kendrick Bangs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 2s.

EMPTY POCKETS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mildred Berkeley. Edwin, Vaughan & Co.

EQUALITY. By Edward Bellamy. William Heinemann.

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS. By Henry Lawson. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

TRAVEL, TOPOGRAPHY, ETC.

HANDY GUIDE-BOOK TO ENGLAND AND WALES. By Edward Smith. George Allen.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. Wells, M.A. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. Methuen & Co.

NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1897. By Rev. M. Harvey. Sampson Low.

JOURNEYS AMONG THE GENTLE JAPS. By Rev. J. Li. Thomas. Sampson Low.

IN DARKEST AFRICA. New edition, corrected and revised. By H. M. Stanley. Sampson Low.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO NORTH WALES. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Mrs. Oliphant had been a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* for over half a century, and we are informed by the publishers that during the whole of that period her contributions averaged one to each number of the magazine.

A TOUCHING notice of Mrs. Oliphant's connexion with "Maga" appears in its current number. "More than half a century ago," we read,

"Mrs. Oliphant, as a young girl of remarkable literary promise, was led by the gentle 'Delta' tremblingly before the dread tribunal of Christopher North. 'So long as she is young and happy, work will do her no harm,' said the sage, who little knew that he was addressing one who more than any other was to maintain unimpaired the traditions of his beloved 'Maga,' and to find the crowning work of her life in recording its not uneventful annals. She was already an old contributor when she wrote her first 'Christmas Tale' for the memorable number in which George Eliot began the 'Scenes of Clerical Life'; and that faithful, loyal, brilliant work was destined to long outlive the young and happy years of which the 'Professor' spoke, and which, alas! were all too few; and literature, instead of being the joy of a happy leisure, became the unflinching solace of a life that knew many and bitter sorrows."

Mrs. Oliphant always wrote anonymously in the magazine, but her personality had long been seen between the lines of "The Old Saloon," and "The Looker On."

THE mention of Mrs. Oliphant's "crowning work" is, of course, an allusion to the history of the "House of Blackwood," on

which she was engaged in her last days. This work was, we believe, completed by her, but in a touching farewell letter to Mr. Blackwood Mrs. Oliphant expressed her regret—one that every writer will understand—that she could never hope to see its proof-sheets. The following paragraph, in this, as yet unpublished, work, is quoted by Mr. Blackwood:

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine* to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had: the same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, though they know very well what is their own share in them, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self-complacence as to their own achievements. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly was very strong in the past."

It is not surprising that so long and close a literary connexion ripened into one of intimate friendship between author and publisher, one of those friendships which, as Mr. Blackwood says, "go to preserve all that is best and most inspiring in the traditions of letters."

WE are informed that Mrs. Oliphant, who had exceptional advantages for such a task, completed shortly before her death a personal life of Her Majesty, which will be issued in due course by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

THE American papers reported the Jubilee procession very fully. The *New York Journal* engaged Mark Twain to cable a short account. We take from his article a few sentences:

"I was not dreaming of so stunning a show. All the nations seemed to be filing by. They all seemed to be represented. It was a sort of allegorical suggestion of the Last Day, and some who live to see that day will probably recall this one if they are not too much disturbed in mind at the time. . . . The feature of high romance was not wanting, for among them rode Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who would be Prince of Wales now and future King of England and Emperor of India if his Stuart ancestors had conducted their royal affairs more wisely than they did. He came as a peaceful guest to represent his mother, Princess Ludwig, heiress of the house of Stuart, to whom English Jacobites still pay unavailing homage as the rightful queen of England. The house of Stuart was formally and officially shelved nearly two centuries ago, but the robe of Jacobite loyalty is a thing which is not exterminable by time, force or argument. . . . The Queen Empress was come. She was received with great enthusiasm. It was realisable that she was the procession herself; that all the rest of it was mere embroidery; that in her the public saw the British Empire itself. She was a symbol, an allegory of England's grandeur and the might of the British name. . . . It was a memorable display, and must live in history. It suggested the material glories of the reign finely and adequately. The absence of the chief creators of them was perhaps not a serious disadvantage. One could supply the vacancies by imagination, and thus fill out the procession very effectively. One can enjoy a rainbow without necessarily forgetting the forces that made it."

THE tribute to the late Laureate from a little band of Montenegrin poets was not the least noteworthy feature of the Jubilee. In the storm and stress of such an occasion there is a tendency to forget the past in the present. Hence we can the more appreciate the action of the few foreigners who laid a wreath of flowers on Tennyson's tomb in the Abbey in recognition of his stirring words in praise of the Montenegrin pluck and independence, and the part played by him in glorifying the Queen's reign.

THE absence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling from the band of poets who have sung the Diamond Jubilee has been much commented upon. Mr. Kipling, however, knows best, and we may rest assured that if he wrote nothing for the occasion it was because he had nothing to add to *The Seven Seas*. Meanwhile, we notice in the *Saturday Review*, in an article on the omissions from the list of Jubilee honours, this fine tribute of praise to the author of "The Song of the Banjo":

"There is one name in literature which, from the special point of view of the growth of the Imperial idea, might have well received recognition—we mean Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There is no question that it is he who has chiefly implanted in English minds the idea of the vast federal empire around the globe, the central idea which has made this Jubilee different from anything ever witnessed before. In this sense Kipling is greater than Wolseley, greater than Roberts, greater than both combined. Yet he has been given no honour. Verily, the administrators and defenders of the empire have been exalted at the expense of its extenders, of its real makers."

Our own view, as expressed last week, is that Jubilee honours are not ennobling; but we are glad to see Mr. Kipling thus spoken of.

MUCH interest attaches to the *Logia*, or Sayings of Christ, which Mr. Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press) is about to publish for the Egypt Exploration Fund. The papyrus leaf on which the sayings are written in uncial was found on the borders of the Libyan desert in January last, by Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, and it has been jealously guarded ever since. The collection of sayings may have been made even earlier than the beginning of the second century, and it is affirmed that at any rate the writing itself cannot be later than the third, or a hundred years prior to any existing MS. of the Gospels. The *Logia* are detached sayings, without context, emphatic and precise in character. Each verse begins with the words "Jesus saith."

Two illustrated editions of the book will be issued, one for a few pence with the design of placing the treasure within the reach of everybody. In the better edition the papyrus page will be reproduced by colotype process, which shows the colour of the papyrus, and renders the writing clearer; and even in the cheaper edition the sayings will be reproduced by means of a tone block. In both editions Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, will append translations and notes, and give parallel passages, &c., and the

Logia themselves will also be transcribed in ordinary Greek characters.

It may be mentioned that the explorers in the course of four months' work at Oxyrhynchus, aided by upwards of 120 men and boys, discovered sufficient papyri to fill twenty-four large packing-cases. The Egyptian Government has retained 150 large and complete rolls, and Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt will examine and edit some of these, and the fragments that they have brought home, with a view to subsequent publication.

In 1894, Mr. George Smith was the guest at a dinner given in his honour by the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This month Mr. Smith intends to return the compliment, and entertain those gentlemen who have helped to make that work the monument of usefulness it is. Some of the lady biographers who have assisted in the task are, we understand, not a little hurt at their exclusion from this banquet. But possibly Mr. Smith has a little plan of his own for their peculiar benefit.

In commenting upon the ignorance of the best English fiction displayed by the modern undergraduate, who is alleged by a writer in the *Granta* to read nothing but the trashiest novels of the day, the *Spectator* drops into prophecy, and does it, we think, a little clumsily. It is a difficult matter to prove a prediction erroneous at the time it is made, and yet we feel that the *Spectator* must be wrong when it deprecates the taste of undergraduates, because "from this class of young men are shortly to come our novelists, our journalists, our poets." It is not from this class of young men that have come our novelists, our journalists, our poets heretofore, and we doubt if the condition of affairs is about to alter.

TRADITION is with the *Spectator* in the matter of poets, although the most illustrious of the younger poets of to-day are not university men. Browning and Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were once undergraduates. But Mr. Kipling was not, nor Mr. Francis Thompson, nor Mr. Yeats, nor Mr. Watson. Among novelists of distinction it has been the exception to be a university man. Thackeray was, it is true. But Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Dickens, Trollope, Ainsworth, Lever, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, "Mark Rutherford"—none of these were university men. As for journalism, the school for journalists is not the universities but the world.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in correcting a misprint a little while since, said "the title of Mr. S. Levett-Yeats's new story was given in our columns the other day as 'A Galahad of the Greeks.' It should, of course, have been 'A Galahad of the Creeks.'" This "of course" seems yet another slight on Turkey's luckless victims.

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER's last novel, *The Martian*, ends in the July number of *Harper's*. The closing chapters have that playful yet pathetic tenderness of which Mr. Du Maurier was a master. This little song, from the French of Sully-Prudhomme, is printed in the final chapter:

If you but knew what tears, alas!
One weeps for kinship unbested,
In pity you would sometimes pass
My poor abode!

If you but knew what balm, for all
Despond, lies in an angel's glance,
Your looks would on my window fall
As though by chance!

If you but knew the heart's delight
To feel its fellow-heart is by,
You'd linger, as a sister might,
These gates anigh!

If you but knew how oft I yearn
For one sweet voice, one presence dear,
Perhaps you'd even simply turn
And enter here!

MR. BIRRELL, in an article on Johnson in the *Speaker*, incidentally offers counsel concerning dust. "Dust," says he, "is a delusion. You should never dust books. There let it lie until the rare hour arrives when you want to read a particular volume; then warily approach it with a snow-white napkin, take it down from its shelf, and, withdrawing to some back apartment, proceed to cleanse the tome." Yet we think the habit of dusting books regularly is one to be encouraged. The man who dusts his books often may now and then go so far as to open one.

SOME time ago Miss Kate Sanborn, the American authoress, wrote a book describing her experiment with an old farm which she rescued from decay to fruitfulness. The book became very popular. An American paper now contains the following advertisement:

"ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM.—The scene of, and the former home of, the popular novelist, Kate Sanborn; 3 minutes from station, post-office and electric cars; now offered at an abandoned farm price; 1150-lb. horse, cow, hens, pung, sleigh, double and single harnesses, farm wagon, new democrat, tipcart, wheelbarrow, grindstone, all farming tools, &c."

MR. GEORGE ALLEN has just sent to press *The Free Library: its History and Present Condition*, from the pen of Mr. J. J. Ogle, the librarian of the Bootle Free Library. The volume is edited by Dr. Richard Garnett.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE & Co. will shortly publish a work dealing with "The Siege of Delhi in the Indian Mutiny." The author, Colonel H. M. Vibart, endeavours to show that the fall of Delhi was principally due to Colonel Richard Baird-Smith. In all the mass of Mutiny literature Colonel Baird-Smith's great services have been but scantily recognised, and it is Colonel Vibart's wish to place before the public the true positions of the various actors in the scene.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXIV.—POPE.

THERE was born in eighteenth century England a pale little diseased wretch of a boy. Since it was evident that he would never be fit for any healthy and vigorous trade, and that he must all his life be sickly and burdensome to himself, and since it is the usual way of such unhappy beings to add to their unhappiness by their own perversities of choice, he naturally became a poet. And after living for long in a certain miserable state called glory, reviled and worshipped and laughed at and courted, despised by the women he loved, very ill looked after, amid the fear and malignity of many and the affection of very few, the wizened little suffering monstrosity died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, by way of encouraging others to follow in his footsteps. And though a large number of others have done so with due and proper misfortune, in all the melancholy line there is, perhaps, no such destined a wretch as Alexander Pope. What fame can do to still the cravings of such a poor prodigal of song, in the beggarly raiment of his tattered body, that it did for him. The husks of renown he had in plenty, and had them all his life, as no other poet has had. But Voltaire testified that the author of that famous piece of philosophy, "Whatever is, is right," was the most miserable man he had ever known.

This king of the eighteenth century is still the king of the eighteenth century by general consent. Dryden was a greater poet, *meo judicio*, but he did not represent the eighteenth century so well as Pope. All that was elegant and airy in the polished artificiality of that age reaches its apotheosis in the "Rape of the Lock." It is Pope's masterpiece, a Watteau in verse. The poetry of manners could no further go than in this boudoir epic, unmatched in any literature. It is useless, I may here say, to renew the old dispute whether Pope was a poet. Call his verse poetry or what you will, it is work in verse which could not have been done in prose, and, of its kind, never equalled. Then the sylph machinery in "The Rape of the Lock" is undoubted work of fancy: the fairyland of powder and patches, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" seen through chocolate-fumes. The "Essay on Man" is nought to us nowadays, as a whole. It has brilliant artificial passages. It has homely aphorisms such as only Pope and Shakespeare could produce—the quintessence of pointed common sense: many of them have passed into the language, and are put down, by three out of five who quote them, to Shakespeare. But, as a piece of reasoning in verse, the "Essay on Man" is utterly inferior to Dryden's "Hind and Panther." Even that brilliant achievement could not escape the doom which hangs over the didactic poem pure and simple; and certain, therefore, was the fate of the "Essay on Man."

The "Dunciad" De Quincey ranked even above the "Rape of the Lock." At my peril I venture to question a judgment backed by all the ages. The superb satire

of parts of the poem I admit; I admit the exceedingly fine close, in which Pope touched a height he never touched before or after; I admit the completeness of the scheme. But from that completeness comes the essential defect of the poem. He adapted the scheme from Dryden's "Mac-Flecknoe." But Dryden's satire is at once complete and succinct: Pope has built upon the scheme an edifice greater than it will bear; has extended a witty and ingenious idea to a portentous extent at which it ceases to be amusing. The mock solemnity of Dryden's idea becomes a very real and dull solemnity when it is extended to literal epic proportions. A serious epic is apt to nod, with the force of a Milton behind it; an epic satire fairly goes to sleep. A pleasantry in several books is past a pleasantry. And it is bolstered out with a great deal which is sheer greasy scurrility. The mock-heroic games of the poets are in large part as dully dirty as the waters into which Pope makes them plunge. If the poem had been half as long, it might have been a masterpiece. As it is, unless we are to reckon masterpieces by avoirdupois weight, or to assign undue value to mere symmetry of scheme, I think we must look for Pope's satirical masterpiece elsewhere. Not in the satire on women, where Pope seems hardly to have his heart in his work; but in the imitations from Horace, those generally known as Pope's "Satires." Here he is at his very best and tersest. They are as brilliant as anything in the "Dunciad," and they are brilliant right through; the mordant pen never flags. It matters not that they are imitated from Horace. They gain by it: their limits are circumscribed, their lines laid down, and Pope writes the better for having these limits set him, this tissue on which to work. Not a whit does he lose in essential originality: nowhere is he so much himself. It is very different from Horace, say the critics. Surely that is exactly the thing for which to thank poetry and praise Pope. It has not the pleasant urbane good humour of the Horatian spirit. No, it has the spirit of Pope—and satire is the gainer. Horace is the more charming companion; Pope is the greater satirist. In place of an echo of Horace (and no verse translation was ever anything but feeble which attempted merely to echo the original), we have a new spirit in satire; a fine series of English satirical poems, which in their kind are unapproached by the Roman, and in his kind wisely avoid the attempt to approach him. "Satires after Horace" would have been a better title than "Imitations"; for less imitative poems in essence were never written. These and the "Rape of the Lock" are Pope's finest title to fame. The "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," has at least one part which shows a pathos, little to have been surmised from his later work; and so, perhaps (in a much less degree, I think), have fragments of the once famous "Eloisa to Abelard." But the "Pastorals," and the "Windsor Forest," and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and other things in which Pope tried the serious or natural vein, are only fit to be remembered with Macpherson's Ossian and the classical enormities of the French painter David.

On the whole, it is as a satirist we must think of him, and the second greatest in the language. The gods are in pairs, male and female; and if Dryden was the Mars of English satire, Pope was the Venus—a very eighteenth century Venus, quite as conspicuous for malice as for elegance. If a woman's satire were informed with genius, and cultivated to the utmost perfection of form by lifelong and exclusive literary practice, one imagines it would be much like Pope's. His style seems to me feminine in what it lacks; the absence of any geniality, any softening humour to abate its mortal thrust. It is feminine in what it has, the malice, the cruel dexterity, the delicate needle point which hardly betrays its light and swift entry, yet stings like a bee. Even in his coarseness—as in the "Dunciad"—Pope appears to me female. It is the coarseness of the fine ladies of that material time, the Lady Maries and the rest of them. Dryden is a rough and thick-natured man, cudgelling his adversaries with coarse speech in the heat of brawl and the bluntness of his sensibilities; a country squire, who is apt at times to use the heavy end of his cutting whip; but when Pope is coarse he is coarse with effort, he goes out of his way to be nasty, in the evident endeavour to imitate a man. It is a girl airing the slang of her schoolboy brother. The one thing, perhaps, which differentiates him from a woman, and makes it possible to read his verse with a certain pleasure, without that sense of unrelieved cruelty which repels one in much female satire, is his artist's delight in the exercise of his power. You feel that, if there be malice, intent to wound, even spite, yet none of these count for so much with him as the exercise of his superb dexterity in fence. He is like Ortheris fondly patting his rifle after that long shot which knocked over the deserter, in Mr. Kipling's story. After all, you reflect, it is fair fight; if his hand was against many men, many men's hands were against him. So you give yourself up to admire the shell-like epigram, the rocketing and dazzling antithesis, the exquisitely deft play of point, by which the little invalid kept in terror his encompassing cloud of enemies—many of them adroit and formidable wits themselves. And you think, also, that the man who was loved by Swift, the professional hater, was not a man without a heart; though he wrote the most finished and brilliant satire in the language. FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. GABRIEL MONOD's volume of *Portraits et Souvenirs* is interesting and instructive. The first, Victor Hugo, is the slightest, but M. Monod writes of Michelet at first hand. He owes his vocation as historian to this incomparable master, and enthusiastically repays his debt. On Michelet's flagrant defects he is silent, shows his evocative, impassioned, unexpected moods, the intensity of his vision and interpretative genius, but conceals what irritates the sober foreigner in his tempestuous character, his excessive picturesqueness, his sentimentality,

the too French, rhetorical and hysterical note, with the prolonged Hugoesque strain that runs through his most erudite work. But there is a charm in the logical *naïveté* of such a scholar as M. Michelet, and this M. Monod reveals. His study of J. R. Green, our own historian, is judicious and sympathetic. He concludes with a noble tribute to the English race:

"No other people has ever raised to such a height the sentiment of human dignity as the English race has done. It may have deserved hate—it has always commanded esteem. It has given admirable examples to the world not only of work, of perseverance, of individual initiative, but also of the love of liberty, of resistance to oppression, of immovable fidelity to duty. The ruin of England would not only mean the defeat of freedom in the world, the world itself would lose something of its nobility."

A fine phrase of the German historian Georges Waitz he records:

"My best works are my pupils; I hold to them the most, and believe I have best succeeded with them. My books will be surpassed and forgotten, but they will have served to form *savants* who will produce better ones."

Women should esteem Victor Duruy if only because, in the teeth of clerical opposition, he was the first minister to establish lecture courses for French young girls. The pages on James Darmesteter are full of tenderness and delicate sympathy, not however equal to the exquisite and luminous essay of Gaston Paris, but worth reading. The most interesting essays are those on the Russian explorer Mikluho-Maclay, and on the Bayreuth Festival. Of Wagner's personality he writes:

"He was not a man, he was an element, a force of nature, a force guided by sovereign will and intelligence. Those who assisted at this evocation of a world of form and sound at the master's voice have before them an unforgettable vision of the creative spirit ordaining chaos to draw therefrom the Universe."

A strain of diabolical cleverness runs through all the *Dernières Lettres de Femmes* of M. Marcel Prévost. This brilliant writer's study of women is exclusively concerned with matters of "temperament." Sex is too insistent, but within its limitations it is confoundingly cruel and true. The pity is that so probing and analytical a regard as his should so persistently pass by the woman without "a temperament." For there are many, and their characters, lives, and purposes are not the least happy and interesting. So century-end an author could not be expected to understand or consider such a naïve and old-fashioned an affair as a sentimental passion, yet a large study of the feminine heart should embrace this purer view of passion, for sentiment did not really disappear with the *Keepsake* period. M. Prévost inters it with the Tuileries. Adultery then covered its tear-bedewed face with the veil of honest remorse, and evoked irresistible passion as an excuse; now a young woman of society visits her old-fashioned godmother and cries radiantly:

"You know, godmother, it's for to-morrow." "What's for to-morrow, dearest?" "Why—Maurice. . . . I try a dress at Blanchet's at six, and, if I can get away in time, I'll come and tell you all about it, that will be an alibi."

And the sentimental godmother of Empire days, who betrayed her husband in the romantic way years ago, sits and muses tearfully on this new-fashioned method of besmattering the matron's honest robe between a visit and trial of a gown. "In those days," she reflects, "it was not the fashion to make fun of love between lovers. We only laughed at wedded love." May not the hard, cynical, new manner be a sensible step toward improved morals? The Empire state of affairs was by no means the best. In spite of the viciousness, wilful and boastful, gaining thereby a shadow of innocence, is there not a fresh little point of wisdom and sound cool reason in Aline's concluding remark, after she has, in the manner of our cynical "Jeunes," described the affair:

"Are you happy at last?" asks the sentimental godmother, ready to pardon frailty if it implied happiness. "Oh, it is less of a bore being forbidden fruit. But really that women should find it worth risking their tranquillity for so little! . . . But just think of my husband's face if he knew!"

A young widow of society invades her brother's *appartement* one evening, and hearing that he sups in the equivocal world, insists that he shall take her as "a young person" making her official *début* in Paris. The ladies of the party, all lovely and well dressed, maintain a provincial correctness of deportment, talk rents, affairs of change, social questions, dramatic art, music, &c. The aristocrat believing the conversation to run on these correct lines on her account, begins to tell an anecdote of the great world, with virtuous consternation as a result. Her brother blushes and explains to the ladies of the other world, "You see, she does not know. In a little while she will behave better." He explains afterwards to his sister: "It is always like that. You see for yourself what going on a spree means. It isn't very funny, but one must pass one's evenings somehow." Meditating on what she has seen, the aristocrat cries: "How well I understand that they should play at respectable women in the hours of repose, as we of our world reverse the game in our provincial leisure." The idea has been worked at greater length in that amusing piece *Paris Fin-de-Siècle*.

M. André Theuriet's new novel, *Boisfeury*, is a well-written, readable, insignificant book. The landscape is agreeable that surrounds a dull little town among the mountains, but not a character interests us. We are asked to follow the futile flirtation and still more futile *liaison* of an extremely futile young man, who, had he not been French, and consequently condemned to look for a *dot*, might have married the girl he preferred first to jilt tearfully, or the widow he preferred afterwards to seduce joyously, and breaks what we are asked to regard as his heart, an organ of no account whatever.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Dernières Lettres de Femmes. Marcel Prévost.
Les Jeunes. Henri Lavedan.
Nos Fils. Hugues Le Roux.
Dans la Brume. Léon de Tinseau.
Autour de Balzac. Vicomte de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul.

MRS. OLIPHANT,

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

It is difficult to realise that one who was so full of life and mental vigour has passed away. The name of Mrs. Oliphant is so well known wherever English is read that it seems almost useless to enumerate the works which have made her name a household word among us. If she had only written the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, *The Beleaguered City*, and *The Life of Edward Irving* she would have taken her place among the best writers of the century.

Margaret Wilson was born at Wallingford, near Musselburgh, in 1828, and in 1849 her first book, *Margaret Maitland*, was published. In 1852 she married her cousin, and from that time until three weeks ago she never ceased from writing. In health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in weal and in woe that indefatigable brain and pen worked on. Her husband, Francis Oliphant, was an artist, and some of his designs for glass windows gave promise of much success. But he only lived seven years after their marriage, during most of which he was in delicate health, ultimately dying of consumption in Italy.

Children were born, and the mother's hands and head were kept busily employed, while her heart ached sadly as three of the five babies died, leaving her at her husband's death with one boy and one girl, to whom, six weeks later, a little delicate boy was added. The last to come to her, he was the last to leave her, and when he, too, died, after years of ceaseless care and watching, she felt she had no further reason for living on. Burden upon burden was laid upon her willing shoulders, and not one was cast off by herself; she bore them kindly and tenderly, till they were lifted from her by no act or wish of her own. Her brother and his family were her welcome honoured guests, and at his death his children became as near as possible to her own; nor were these the only children to whom she became a second mother. Never was there a woman who gave so generously or who worked so hard for what she gave; never was she too busy to receive guests—to converse delightfully on the most trivial subjects; to sympathise and help in every trouble that was brought to her. She was a most tender and efficient nurse in sickness, as many a friend now mourning her can testify. Wonderfully dainty and womanly in all her ways; her sewing was a delight to see, and she could never tolerate the idea of machine-made clothes on babies or ladies. Her indignation was always roused by cheap clothing, and when she was shown or heard of any "bargain" she fired up at once, calling the material "coarse and rough," and the work either "abominably bad or shamefully underpaid, and in either case not fit for any gentlewoman to wear." Many and many an evening have I spent in her house at Windsor, but never once have I seen her occupied in any way but in forwarding the entertainment of the family circle. A hand at whist or a game of patience were her favourite pastimes, and she played both

with the eagerness of a child. When the rest of the party retired the second part of her working day began, for she wrote steadily from about 11 p.m. till 2 or 3 a.m. The first half of her working day was the forenoon, and no pressure of work ever took her away from the family or social circle during the afternoon or evening. It will hardly be believed that during her long life she never had a study of her own. She seemed to read everything, but was seldom seen with a book in her hand. She delighted in stories of all kinds, and listened to or read them with the avidity of a girl; but gossip and scandal of any kind was abhorrent to her, and checked by her severely. She had no taste nor desire for what is called Society, but good company was her greatest pleasure, and, till the death of her eldest son, no more cheerful house than hers could be found in all England, though even then the burden of life was very heavy on the shoulders of the brave woman, for the large household was expensive, and all outgoings had to be met by unflagging, never-ceasing work. Her life is a record of astounding industry, too often pursued under the stress of hard necessity.

Mrs. Oliphant wrote her first work, *Margaret Maitland*, in her teens; it was published and went through three editions in the year she came of age. The delicate husband and an increasing family very soon drove her to continue the literary work, begun as a girl's recreation, as the one means of subsistence for her husband and children. At one time during Mr. Oliphant's long illness she wrote a three-volume novel in six weeks, nursing him day and night the while; perhaps only a woman can fully appreciate the quiet heroism of this. Six weeks after his death her youngest child, her much-loved "Cecco," was born. Left with three children, Mrs. Oliphant returned to her native Scotland to maintain the heroic struggle with the cruellest fate, which hereafter made up her whole life. Of the novels which she poured out ceaselessly from that time until a few months ago, some are already forgotten, others will live as long as there is any interest in the Victorian age. It was not possible for a writer so prolific to be always at her best. If she had written less she would have written masterpieces. Occupied as she was with her children and her home, she could not afford to write masterpieces always; but the loss of the artist is to the honour of the woman. Mrs. Oliphant seldom went very deep for the subjects of her fiction; she purposely avoided the more violent passions of humanity, and shrank from working out situations to the bitter end. Yet her vision of life was singularly clear, her observation wonderfully keen and true; her characters are seldom extraordinary men or women, but they are always men and women. Unlike many of her female contemporaries in fiction, she always wrote the purest English. Novels with a purpose were unattractive, and problems of sex hateful to her. Realistic novels she disliked, because the simplicity and purity of her own nature prevented her from believing in conscious vice and wickedness. "My dear," she would say, "there must be some mistake,

people are not so bad as that; there must have been some misunderstanding."

But the work she most loved was the strangely beautiful allegories of which *The Beleaguered City* and *The Land of Darkness* are good types. *The Little Pilgrim* has been a true help and comfort to many thousands of aching hearts, and to write these weird and lovely stories gave her real pleasure, and was rest not toil to her.

In biographies she was also prolific, and of these *The Life of Edward Irving* and of her kinsman *Laurence Oliphant* are perhaps the most widely known. Then there is the series of books on Florence, Venice, Rome, Edinburgh, and Jerusalem; episodes in her life of astonishing energy, though they would have been a life's work for anybody else.

The inner history of this wonderful productiveness is unspeakably sad. Her brother's health broke down; she added him and his three children to her own family, but no sooner had she come to love his son as her own than he too died, just as he had started on a most promising career. Of the two nieces one married and the other remained with her, watching and waiting on her to the very end, with the tenderness and devotion she so richly deserved. For the last three months the married one and her children were also with her.

Her own three children, who remained to her at her husband's death, left her one after another, in spite of the tenderest care and watching. Maggie, her only daughter, went first, dying in Rome, at eleven years old, leaving an aching void which time never filled. Cyril, the eldest, died next, after a very short illness, in the prime of life. And, at last, after years of delicate health, literally kept alive by constant care and watching, her youngest boy—her adored "Cecco"—was laid near his brother. Fate seemed to take a delight in torturing her; yet no suffering could break her gallant spirit or sour her gracious kindness. She bore her acutely painful illness with unflinching courage, and died with as brave dignity as she had lived. Within a few days of her death she wrote to her old friend Mr. Blackwood, and whatever his answer to that letter was it set her mind at rest. She said to me a few days before her death: "I have no anxiety now, for the first time since I left my mother. I am in perfect peace."

To her last published story, *The Ways of Life*, a pathetic interest attaches by reason of its preface, entitled "On the Ebb-Tide"; which may now be read as a kind of prophetic farewell to her literary work. As pathetic is the fact that her last written work was a "Jubilee Ode" in the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There she bade farewell to the Victorian era, with which so nearly her work coincides. But Mrs. Oliphant was very much greater than all her work. Generous, loyal, tireless, dauntless, and upright in all her ways, yet always sweetly charitable, she was at once the most womanly of women and as manly as the manliest of men. She rests, at last, between her two boys in Eton Cemetery.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOK SALES AND REPORTS.

WE last week reported, in interview form, on the effects of the Jubilee celebrations upon Book-selling and the prospects of the autumn season. Some further reports reach us this week from the provinces. Mr. Charles Linnell, of the firm of Messrs. Cornish Bros., Birmingham, writes as follows:

"The Spring Publishing Season of 1897 was more successful than that of 1895, or of 1896. Seldom, if ever, have we had such good books as those by Dr. Nansen, Lord Roberts and Captain Mahan; these three works have had a steady and a continuous sale—and are still selling. It is most fortunate that these three important books were issued in the Spring—fortunate for the Publishers and for the Booksellers, for had these books appeared in the autumn they would have prevented the sale of other books which only 'catch on' at Christmas-tide. As it is, they have not checked the sale of other books, they have had an elevated and dignified time to themselves, and they have stood quite apart from the common rush of Christmas literature. It is a lesson to the publishers—good sterling literature should be kept for the spring season. In fiction we had no literary novelty. The novel of 'real life' has been done to death. Our friends are weary of the romantic treatise on social evils, bearing the form of fiction, unpleasant as a novel, and intolerable as a long pamphlet. It is singular that while a keen appetite has been stimulated and gratified for romances of many lands, few writers have turned to Anglo-Saxon history for incident and historical portraits.

"The Jubilee literature has sold splendidly. Books on the Queen's reign have been in great demand. The first place must be given to Mr. McCarthy's new volume, then comes Mr. Escott's *Social Transformations*, and then the more personal *Lives* by Mr. Knight, Miss Tooley and Mr. Tullock. Mr. Stead's *Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign* is much praised. The effect of the Jubilee on bookselling has been most favourable.

"It is too early to write about the hopes and the fears of the autumn publishing season: Mr. Holmes' *Queen Victoria* will be the book. We are told that three new editions of the 'Waverley Novels' are to come. Each, doubtless, will have its particular merits; and the fame of Scott is wide enough for all these editions. No edition of his works, if worthily produced, will ever lack purchasers. We are glad to welcome new editions and new illustrations in rapid and prosperous succession. How we have prayed that Dickens may some day have the loving care like unto that given to Scott, and that Thackeray will ere long be seen in a format which will please and delight the reader!"

Messrs. D. B. Friend & Co., of Brighton, also favour us with a careful report as follows:

"The Spring Bookselling Season, especially the early part, has been about an

average one, and a steady demand has been maintained for the better class of New Fiction and good reprints of Standard Novels. But perhaps the most noteworthy point in regard to current literature has been the issue of two such high-priced books so close together as Col. Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* and Nansen's *Farthest North*, both of which have been so deservedly popular, not to speak of a third—viz., Capt. Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, which followed so quickly in the wake of the other two. The enormous sale which these have had surely points to the fact that there is still a large public who do care for, and will buy, good books, irrespective of price.

"The effect of the Diamond Jubilee on the Bookselling Trade, however, has been decidedly adverse on the whole, though it goes without saying that the various books on Her Majesty the Queen have been greatly in demand; in many cases, however, both for presents and prizes, they have been substituted for other books rather than purchased additionally.

"The prospects for the coming season do not seem particularly bright at present, though we are 'promised' a good season by various prophets, who unfortunately, however, are not in a position to guarantee the fulfilment of their predictions. Still, if the number of books announced is any criterion as to the business to be done, it will undoubtedly be a good season."

OUR Bristol correspondents, Messrs. Georges Sons, are unable to report even sales in Fiction, and they add in explanation: "The shadow of the Jubilee hung over the 'spring season' and deadened sales. During the past month all spare cash of ordinary bookbuyers appeared to be saved for London expenses; and the book trade has been as nearly at a standstill as we have ever known it."

MESSRS. BUMPUS (Holborn, W.C.) report: "Trade during the last week has been very brisk, our sales being principally of standard works, well bound."

THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING. LONDON.

FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.
The Whirlpool. By George Gissing.
The Plattner Story. By H. G. Wells.
A Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Sixty Years a Queen. By Sir Herbert Maxwell.
Social Transformations in the Victorian Age.
By T. H. S. Escott.
Social England. Vol. VI. By H. D. Traill.

POETRY.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.
Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling.
The Battle of the Bays. Owen Seaman.

TRAVEL.

In Darkest Africa. New cheap edition. By H. M. Stanley.

BELLES LETTRES.

The House of Dreams. By Laurence Housmann.
The Temple Classics and Dramatists.

BIRMINGHAM.

FICTION.

Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
The Plattner Story. By H. G. Wells.
The Massarenes. By Ouida.
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty one Years in India. By Gen. Roberts.
Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.
Lectures on Oliver Cromwell. By Prof. Gardiner.
Social England. Vol. II. By H. D. Traill.
The Renaissance in Italy. New edition. By J. A. Symonds.

POETRY.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.
The Green Book. By Maurus Jókai.
A Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steele.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.
Forty-one Years in India. By Gen. Roberts.

TRAVEL.

Through Finland in Carts. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

BRISTOL.

FICTION.

No movement.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cabot's Discovery of America. By S. E. Weare.
The Renaissance in Italy. New edition. By J. A. Symonds.
History of the Papacy (Reissue). By Bishop Creighton.

BRIGHTON.

FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Miss Tooley.
Victoria, Her Life and Reign. By Knight.

POETRY, ETC.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.
Temple Classics.

SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM LIBRARY.

WHEN the summary of the Book Sales for the year 1897 comes to be made, it will be found that the sale of the collection of books from Ashburnham-place will distinguish this year from that of any other of the last two decades. For a comparison we must go back to the days of Heber, Roxburgh, and Sunderland.

Within the past few days, one half of the "lots" described in the present catalogue have been sold; while the catalogue itself consists only of about one-fourth of the entire collection. The rest is to be placed on the market at a later date, but some idea of what is to come may be formed when we state that there is a Pliny of 1472, printed on vellum; a unique set of the first five editions of Walton's "Angler," "in the finest condition, and in the original sheep binding"; a number of very rare works on Witchcraft and kindred subjects, published in the time of Elizabeth and James I.; and several important works relating to the discovery and early history of America. It is now well known that the library was formed by the fourth Earl, between the years 1815 and 1877. Within that period, the Earl devoted himself to the "art of collecting," and whether his efforts were towards the acquisition of manuscripts, pictures, coins, or books, his taste was always excellent. With books, in particular, he was careful to a degree; and the copies of the rarer items are often in the finest condition. For this the library has acquired a special reputation; and this consideration, coupled with the fact that large commissions have been sent from American buyers, must account for the truly phenomenal prices which the books have so far realised.

The sale commenced on Friday last (June 25), and this first day produced a competition of an exciting nature. The *editio princeps* of Aristotle's "Opera" (1483), illustrated with exquisite illuminations, and printed upon vellum, fell at last to Mr. Quaritch; but he had to pay £800 for it. The Oxford edition of Aretino's Latin translation of the same writer's "Ethics" (1479, and the second book with the Oxford imprint) realised £121. This also Mr. Quaritch acquired. The price paid for a little work of nine leaves which, apparently, was printed from Caxton's type, and perhaps by Machlinia, was absurd. It is by Arusiens, and dealt with the treatment of a "grete sekenesse called Pestilence." The same copy sold in the White Knight's sale for £9; Messrs. Sotheran & Co. paid £147 for it! Three editions of "The Story of Kyng Arthur" sold well. The first was Copland's (1557) for which Mr. Quaritch gave £39. The second, Castell's edition, Mr. Quaritch acquired for £29 10s. For the third Mr. Leighton gave £24. It bore Redborne's imprint, and was Utterson's copy.

Other items of note were: Aretino's "Historia del Popolo Fiorentino" (1476), printed on vellum, £74 (Murray); Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" (1534), in a fine sixteenth century Italian binding, £22 (Bain); Harrington's translation of "Orlando" (1591), on large paper, £36 (Ellis). It transpired that this copy had belonged to Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Arnold's "Chronicle" (1502?), a very imperfect copy, £9 15s. (Quaritch); the second edition of 1521 Mr. Quaritch also bought for £15 15s.; Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1570) £17 (Pickering); Ascham's "Toxophilus" (1545), £18 10s. (Maggs). For another copy of the same edition Mr. Quaritch gave £12 10s., and for a presentation copy from the author to the Earl of Essex he gave £30 10s.

The second day furnished buyers with a remarkable collection of various editions of Dame Juliana Berners' treatise on "Hawking." The

first edition, known as "The Book of St. Albans," was printed in 1486. The present copy had belonged to the Duke of Roxburgh, and when in his possession was imperfect. The Earl of Ashburnham perfected it, and Mr. Quaritch paid £385 for its 89 leaves. The other editions sold as follows:

Wynkyn de Worde (1496), £160; Vele and Copland for Toye, n.d., £61; Wyllyam Powell, n.d., £76; John Waley, n.d., £62. The book of "Fyschyng with an Angle," by Dame Berners, which Wynkyn de Worde printed in Fleet-street sometime about the year 1532 was sold for £360. In an unbound state it cost the late earl £19 19s. Bale's "Illustrium Maioris Britanniae Scriptorum" (1548), which is the first book printed at Ipswich, was bought for £50 (Townley). This particular copy had belonged to King Edward VI. Bacon's "Essaies" (1598), the rare second edition, Mr. Bain acquired for £32, and Mr. Ellis paid £20 for a large paper copy of the first edition of the "Advancement of Learning" (1605).

The third day might be called "The Bible Day." A hint of the exceptionally high prices which were to be obtained on the very first "lot." It was the rare block book, "Biblia Pauperum" (1430?), with rude woodcuts on one side of each of the forty leaves. This copy was last sold for £36 15s. It now brought £1,050, and Mr. Quaritch, senior, placed it carefully on the table before him.

The event of the day was the sale of the famous so-called "Mazarine Bible" (1450-55), printed by Gutenberg and Fust with metal types. Although Mr. Quaritch paid £4,000 for it, the bidding was not at all brisk. It commenced at £500; the next bid was £1,000, and Mr. Quaritch made it £2,000. From that to the final amount the bids came timorously. No doubt it would have brought more had there been a certainty about the two leaves which were presumed to be in facsimile. The auctioneer informed the company that all the four copies of this famous work sold in these rooms had gone to Mr. Quaritch's bids; this, however, was the first copy on vellum.

Other Bibles sold as follows: Libri Moysi Quinque (Paris, 1541), £30 (Quaritch); Biblia Sacra Polyglotta (Plantin, 1570-1), £79 (Murray); Biblia Sacra Latina, Editionis Vulgate (1462), £1,500 (Quaritch); The Pentateuch, Tyndall's Translation, Hans Luft (1534), £492 (Quaritch)—this was Lord Aston's copy, which realised £121 in 1845—Coverdale's Translation of the Bible (Antwerp, 1535), £820 (Quaritch)—first edition in English—this copy was, of course, imperfect; Cramer's Bible (1539), £73 (Tregaskis), (1550) £53 (Quaritch); (1553)—Queen Elizabeth's copy—£93 (Quaritch); Bishop's Bible (1568)—first edition—£70 (Quaritch).

Up to the time of our going to press we are only able to deal with the fourth day's sale, which began with a few Bibles of lesser importance, and was followed by some rare books of woodcut illustrations of Biblical subjects: Holy Bible (1680), £20 (Bain); Biblicae Historiae (Sebald Beham), £15 15s. (Quaritch); Hans Holbein's Bible Illustrations (1539), £12 10s. (Bain); (1543) £9 5s. (Bain); (1549) £8 5s. (Pickering).

Two books distinguished this day. The first was Colard Mansion's edition (1476) of Boccaccio's "De la Ruine des Nobles Hommes et Femmes." Unfortunately, it transpired that it had all the preliminary leaves, to the number of six, in facsimile, and two other leaves were also suspected. Although the Sunderland copy, which had no painted miniatures, had realised £960, this copy with these miniatures Mr. Quaritch obtained easily for £695. The second book was the first of the Caxtons in the catalogue—Boethius's "Consolations" (1479?). Mr. Tregaskis paid for it the abnormally high

price of £510. Among the more interesting of the remaining "lots" may be mentioned: Bidpay's "Directorium Humane Vite" (1480?), £18 10s. (Leighton); Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation" (1686), £10 5s. (Tregaskis), £10 15s. (Quaritch), and £9 (Ellis); Blundeville's "Fower Chiefest Offices of Horsemanship" (W. Seres, n.d.), £13 (Quaritch); Boccaccio's "De Cercaldi Historiographi" (*Éditio princeps*), £22 (Edwards); Boccaccio's "Falles of Sondry . . . Princes and Princesses" (1554), £27 (Bain); "De Mulieribus Claris" (1473), £71 (Quaritch) and £73 (Quaritch); "Decameron" (Macon's first French translation, 1545), £33 (Quaritch); "Decameron" (first English translation, 1620), £49 (Quaritch); Bece's "Chronicles of Scotland" (Edinburgh, 1536), £58 (Ellis).

DRAMA.

THE foreign invasion of the West-end theatres has assumed remarkable proportions. Both Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Réjane, who are old friends, and Mme. Odilon, of the Vienna stage, a newcomer, have been in full blast; so that it becomes a matter of difficulty to sort out one's impressions of so polyglottous a week. What stands out strongest in my retrospect, perhaps, is the pleasure with which I made Mme. Odilon's acquaintance. The German drama has much less attraction for the English public than the French, not merely because the language is less familiar, but from a difference in the artistic and literary sympathies of the Teuton and the Englishman. Almost the one dramatic link between the two great northern races is their belief in Shakespeare, and that, perhaps, is more academic and less vital among playgoers in this country than in Germany. In France, Shakespeare, though accepted as one of the world's classics, is hardly known. Somehow the German translations of him are as good as the French are poor, and this may help to explain why Shakespeare is in some sort an exception to the rule we have been considering—namely, that our dramatic affinities are far more French than German. Certainly all German companies visiting this country hitherto have had a somewhat unfavourable tale to tell. The Saxe-Meiningen company were admired for their stage-management mainly; the Coburg company, who played at Drury Lane a year or two ago, having only their repertory and their acting to recommend them, were, I fear, rather severely cold-shouldered by the paying public. Has it been reserved for Mme. Odilon and her colleagues of the Volkstheater, Vienna, to "change the luck," as they say, in the most superstitious of all the professions? Apparently so. At all events, they are the first of the German-speaking companies within my experience of the stage, extending over twenty years, who have been able favourably to impress English opinion. For one thing, their repertory is light and, if one may so say, exceedingly un-German, and for another, Mme. Odilon is able to win a personal triumph by reason of the brightness of her style, her vivacity, her beauty, her charm. One need not, for that reason, set her down

as a great actress. Her admirers call her "the Austrian Réjane," and the phrase expresses her limitations, not to say her inferiority; since we do not hear of Mme. Réjane being described as "the French Odilon." It is not the happiest of phrases. Mme. Odilon reflects fairly well one aspect of Réjane's talent. She is sunny, playful, coquettish; but her personal charm, embodying a voluptuousness, a fund of animal spirits, a *griserie* of a singularly attractive character, carries her further than the French actress in that direction. Mme. Réjane is a product of art; Mme. Odilon, with her hoydenish abandon, impresses one as a pure effusion of nature. The Austrian actress is cast for light comedy, but if she could sing, which probably she does not, she would assuredly excel in *opera-bouffe*. She possesses a most captivating sort of stage beauty. Short, perhaps, according to English notions, she is admirably moulded, on the opulent scale, and moves with kittenish grace. The piece in which she made her *début* at Daly's, "Untreu," an adaptation from the Italian, brought out all her best qualities. She had to read a lesson in manners to a dolt of a husband on the one hand, and to a too presumptive lady-killer on the other, and right merrily she did it, with never a lapse into the serious vein, except when adding a touch of scorn to the raillery that she poured upon her ill-starred admirer. The company supporting Mme. Odilon is adequate, without being as polished as that of a Parisian playhouse of corresponding rank to the Volkstheater.

In dramatic instinct unquestionably the French excel. This was once more proved by the manner in which Mme. Réjane and her company interpreted that remarkably cynical and, in the derogatory sense of the phrase, up-to-date play "La Douleuruse," which has been the most striking success of the past season in Paris. With its audacious negation of principle, truth, honour, loyalty, so far as the chief *dramatis personæ* are concerned, such a piece, if played in a tactless fashion could not fail to ruffle the sensibilities of the public. The Vaudeville company skate over the thin ice of the story with an unflinching dexterity, which almost amounts to an instinct. They possess the art of the *demi-mot*; a shrug of the shoulders, a look or an intonation suffices to save the situation from vulgarity. Dialogue divorced from action in an English play tends to drag, and our dramatists have contracted the habit of cutting down every scene, so to speak, to its bare poles, so that the audience may escape tedium. To a greater extent than is generally suspected, this is due to the inability of the English actor to render the niceties of diction. He carries no small change with him. He studies only broad and palpable effects. But a couple of French actors will carry on a purely literary conversation with such a mastery of light and shade that they hold the attention of their audience as closely as if they were discussing matters of dramatic moment. In the first two acts of "La Douleuruse" this peculiarly French art

—*l'art de bien dire*—is strikingly illustrated, for here the author is engaged in depicting, by dialogue mainly, the character of the money-worshipping, heartless, soulless society of the Bourse and the Boulevard, there being as yet no necessary question of the play to be considered. That develops, properly speaking, in the third act; where the significance of the slangy title of the play—the reckoning—becomes apparent. M. Maurice Donnay is one of the *les jeunes*, and wedded accordingly to the pessimistic; but he writes in this instance with a moral purpose, which is to show that every evil deed has to be paid for, and that society, nature, Providence, or what you will, inexorably exacts its price for the same—i.e., *la douleuruse*. The swindling financier who gives his *soirée* in the first act shoots himself as the police come to arrest him. That is his reckoning. Deceiving husbands are in turn deceived by their wives. That is their reckoning. The dramatic interest of the story develops when the principle comes to be applied to the lovers who occupy the foreground of the picture—Hélène, widow of the financier above mentioned, and her friend, the fashionable sculptor Philippe. In this disloyal *monde* they have vowed each other fidelity, but the lover in due time deceives his mistress with her bosom friend, and learns, to his undoing, that the woman he has so fully trusted has had a previous lover of whose existence she never breathed a word.

That is their Nemesis at last, and consistently treated the story ought to finish there; but the exigencies of the happy ending, from which even authors of the new school do not escape, has induced M. Donnay to add a scene of reconciliation for the disillusioned lovers, upon the prospect of whose marriage the curtain falls. The great scene of the play is that where Mme. Réjane, as Hélène, has her past brutally flung in her teeth by her lover, who, of all men, is least entitled to reproach her, seeing that it is through an infidelity on his own part that he has learnt her guilty secret. With what infinite delicacy does Mme. Réjane treat the wounded feelings of the false wife, and, in a sense, the disingenuous mistress too, in this her hour of reckoning! The squalid facts of the situation have a glamour thrown round them with which there is nothing comparable in the entire range of the drama, except the magic displayed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in rehabilitating her sentimental courtesan, Marguerite Gautier. It is art, this, of the highest kind; and not even Mme. Sarah Bernhardt could equal the essential tenderness and true womanliness of Mme. Réjane's interpretation. "La Douleuruse" is a play which could hardly be written in English, and which could not be acted if it were—I mean from the purely artistic point of view. Neither our dramatists nor our actors cultivate the nicety of touch displayed in this performance, both on its literary and its histrionic side. Their work may be as truthful, but it is done with a bigger brush.

J. F. N.

MUSIC.

"WHY revive 'Faust' after the failure last year of 'La Reine de Saba'?" Thus wrote a well-known French critic in 1864, referring to the *repris* of the opera at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. The strong points of the work were recognised by Berlioz and other writers when it was produced in 1859, yet not one of them seems to have had an inkling of the great popularity which it was destined to achieve. Wagner's music-dramas have killed many an opera, but "Faust" still lives. The librettists, MM. Barbier and Carré, certainly did not rise to the height of the argument of the German poet and philosopher, but that in no way interferes with the success of the work; their book was cleverly constructed, and, moreover, eminently suited to display the composer's gifts at their fullest. There is something in "Faust" to suit all tastes; and though the music may at times be superficial, or even commonplace, there is many a page in which the most carping critic must acknowledge merit of a very high order. The successful performance of the opera at Covent Garden on Monday night shows that it still lives. But, then, Mme. Melba played the part of Marguerite, and with her lovely voice and perfect method of production she makes all her music sound so fresh, so natural, so insinuating. This great artist has been reproached with a certain coldness in her acting and facial expression, and, certainly, judged by the most lenient standard, one could scarcely speak of her as a born actress. Her Marguerite on Monday displayed, however, surprising movement and warmth. M. Alvarez, the Faust, as usual, sang and acted well; yet, after all, he is a stage figure rather than a human being. M. Ancona was a good Valentin, and M. Plançon played Mephistopheles with his usual ability. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

LAST week I paid a visit to the music section of the Victorian Era Exhibition, Earl's Court, and although, perhaps, it is not as large as one could wish, there are many objects of interest in it. The musical fashions of this world change rapidly, and Mendelssohn is not thought so much of now as he was in the early years of the Queen's reign; but he has been an important figure in the period which the Exhibition seeks to illustrate. The autograph pianoforte score of "Elijah," the greatest of modern oratorios, is exhibited by his daughter, Mrs. Benecke. There is another *souvenir* of the composer—viz., the assignment to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. of the "Hymn of Praise," and near to it the assignment to the same firm of Gounod's "Mors et Vita." For the one was paid £31 10s; for the other £4,000. The difference is enormous, and all the more striking seeing that the earlier work has probably proved a far richer mine; and of the two it is by far the finer. The world-wide popularity of Gounod as the composer of "Faust," and the success, in this country at any rate, of "The Redemption," explains in large measure the high price paid for a work which, many attractive pages

notwithstanding, cannot be pronounced great. The Mozart corrections of the harmony exercises of his pupil Attwood, a composer who just lived to see the commencement of the Queen's reign, will of course prove specially attractive to musicians.

There are many autograph scores of living composers: Sir A. Sullivan, Drs. Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Bridge, &c. Of the first named there are the "sketches" for the popular "Mikado" and the score of the work itself. Among the portraits, nearly 200 in number, the one of Paderewski, painted by the Princess Louise, is a prominent object. Of others I would mention those of Joachim, Sarasate, Dr. Hubert Parry, and Sir Walter Paratt.

Of musical instruments may be named a very fine Erard pianoforte presented by George the Fourth to Princess Victoria; the tone is still good, and the touch excellent. There is also the pianoforte on which Rubinstein played at Windsor in 1857. A list, by the way, of all the distinguished vocalists and instrumentalists who have appeared at Windsor during the six years of the Queen's reign would have been welcome.

The exhibits have been carefully arranged and catalogued by Mr. William Barclay Squire of the British Museum.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IN spite of the rapid and unparalleled advances which we have all been boasting about, science does not seem to have lost its Tithonus-like activity at the close of the Queen's long reign. On one hand the *Turbinia*, the new model torpedo boat fitted with Parsons' steam-turbines, has been cutting records and capers at Cowes, among the long lines of stately warships, that defied all attempts at pursuit, and must have seriously upset the complacency of the Admiralty Constructive Department. The *Turbinia* is a good ten knots faster than any vessel of her size and tonnage ever made, and is besides the fastest vessel now afloat. Having just experienced a day on board of her at Spithead, I can testify that when running thirty-three knots an hour she is perfectly free from vibration and the other discomforts usual on torpedo boats. What her full speed may be I do not know, for she has never steamed at full pressure yet, and blows off even at the speed mentioned. Probably she has another two knots in hand. The space occupied by her machinery is extremely small and free from moving parts. The boiler space is less for the power than would be the case with other forms of machinery, and three screw valves control the whole navigation. The length of the boat is 100 feet, beam 9 feet, displacement a little over 44 tons, and she develops 2,200 horse power. She has nine screws, on three separate shafts, which revolve at over 2,000 revolutions per minute.

This is the latest word in marine engineering, and it may have an important bearing

on our light navy during the next few years. Side by side with this, however, there has been creeping up a new form of navigation altogether, that of the air; and before the Queen's reign is done we may see this long-dreamt-of achievement placed upon a practical footing. I have beside me the *third* volume of an American publication, *The Aeronautical Annual* for 1897, which contains some extremely interesting matter. To begin with, it sketches the history of Samuel Pierpont Langley, the popular secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and his successive "aerodromes" or flying machines, the latest form of which was made familiar to readers of the *Strand Magazine* last month. Prof. Langley's machines are only models, weighing, with fuel and water sufficient for a short flight, about 30 lb. The weight of the machinery for driving them is 7 lb. This consists of a small 1 h.p. piston engine with two cylinders, and a copper-coil boiler heated by a sort of naphtha blow-flame. Propulsion is got by two propellers working in opposite directions. To this extent the aerodrome recalls the flying-machine of Mr. Hiram Maxim, on which also I once enjoyed a memorable ride, in company with Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, and a number of other scientific experts. The difference between the two machines is probably this: Mr. Maxim's engineering skill has enabled him to produce a more perfect mechanical combination than the "aerodrome," whereas Prof. Langley's long study and unique knowledge of aerial conditions has produced a machine better adapted to suit itself to wind pressure, and more capable of flight. Mr. Maxim's, on the other hand, is a full-sized machine, while Prof. Langley's is a model.

THERE is another branch of aeronautics which consists in gliding with wings, instead of being propelled through the air by machinery. This is associated chiefly with the name of Otto Lilienthal, who did more than any man living to master the conditions of equilibrium in the air, and whose untimely death from a fall was a great loss to science. Lilienthal, however, has his followers, one of whom, an Englishman named Pilcher, has made considerable strides towards success. His soaring machine is described as a single plane machine (it was the addition of a second plane above, in many people's opinion, that caused the accident to Lilienthal), with two long, bat-like wings fitted to a central frame shaped like a boat. The wing surface is 23 ft. from tip to tip, and 8 ft. across, giving an area of 180 sq. ft. Mr. Chanute, of Chicago, another old student of gliding flight, or soaring, uses much more complicated machines than this, some having six or eight pairs of wings. In a business-like way he has been in the habit of retiring to a camp among some deserted sand-hills with his assistants, and there trying flights from a summit under every condition of opposing wind. His experiments are worth reading, and form a not unimportant contribution to the literature of soaring compiled by Lilienthal.

H. C. M.

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